

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NUMBER 678 } FIFTEENTH YEAR
VOL. XXIII }

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1895

Men, Women and Books

THE IBSEN boom is over! Pause, O Philistine, before praising my judgment. The "boom" is over, but not Ibsen. Ibsen has arrived. He has settled down into the steady luminosity of the fixed star; he is no longer the wandering meteor, the dread portent, heralding plague and flame. On the Continent schools have long since arisen to which he is a reactionary. In England his broad-browed face, with its shock of white hair and its bushy white beard, is ceasing to be distinguishable from that of Father Christmas. Critics are even quarrelling with one another for the honor of having discovered him. His plays are produced in London in their native tongue almost as soon as they are written—at any rate in "copyright performances," wherein distinguished persons mumble indistinct Norwegian with a courage that was only surpassed in a certain notorious performance of "The Mahdi." And on the same day our admirable Archer sends them forth to the world in excellent idiomatic English. Yes, decidedly the day of Ibsen is over, and his days are come. Ibsen is now a British institution; it is difficult to disentangle him from Trial by Jury and Sunday Closing.

I opened his new play with fear and trembling, apprehending another "Master-Builder." But lo! I found it a miracle of lucidity. There is no reason why "Little Eyolf" should not have been published as a Christmas story by the lamented Christian, Charles Dickens. Little-Eyolf is only our old friend Tiny Tim over again. Though Ibsen's work strikes to the very root and purpose of life, his little cripple really suggests no deeper questionings of destiny than does Dickens's. Only the difference is that Ibsen sees there is a question, and Dickens does not. Indeed, very few of our novelists are alive to the significance of their own puppets. Cripples, like blind men with tapping sticks and highwaymen with horse-pistols, are merely picturesque properties. Although superficially the story of the life and death of little Eyolf is made to point a Dickensian moral of universal benevolence, Ibsen is trying after something much deeper. Why Eyolf became a cripple, and why Eyolf was drowned, this is what he wants to throw light upon; and in this play we see him groping after a law and a reign of moral causation as sure and as unswerving as causation in the physical world. Eyolf's life, like his death, was due to his parents' selfishness. From his death springs his parents' higher love and altruism, and thus little Eyolf has not lived in vain:—

"There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears."

There! Not even the British bookmaker in his most domestic moods could match the morality of the dread Norwegian iconoclast. "Little Eyolf" is of a Sunday-school edifyingness. But what subtlety, what a grip on life, in this attempt to expound a moral order, existing not in heaven-descended codes, but operating simply and inevitably in the chain of human life! And even if the mechanism of the parable be a little crude and clumsy, it has great moments. Aata adds another to Ibsen's gallery of noble women, and the rat-wife to his grotesque creations. For dramatic vigor and tenseness Ibsen has rarely surpassed the first act of his latest play, in which this rat-wife and her little black-snouted dog, Mopselman, lure little Eyolf like a rat to his doom in the fjord. Of course the Pied Piper of Hamelin is irresistibly recalled. "Yes," the rat-wife tells the little cripple, as she laughs with quiet glee, "it was all alive and swarming

with rats. They came creepy-crawly up into the beds all night long, they plumped into the milk-cans, and they went pittering and pattering all over the floor, backwards and forwards and up and down." (Mark Mr. Archer's vivid rendering.) Perhaps the most interesting thing in the new play is the mysticism and poetry of his youth, to which the old man is reverting. Already foreshadowed in "The Master-Builder," nay, even, according to some, consciously allegorized in that mysterious play, the mental movement of this man, who has been accused of stooping over the sewers, is now, to quote the great words that round off "Little Eyolf": "Upwards—towards the peaks. Towards the stars. And towards the great silence." Say what you will of Ibsen, he is one of the only three men to whom Europe listens. Tolstoi and Zola share with him the supreme privilege of the world's ear. Tolstoi's religion everybody knows. Ibsen's is obscurer, but no less inspiring. Even Zola is showing signs of dissatisfaction with a closed materialism.

"Upwards—towards the peaks. Towards the stars. And towards the great silence." These words might have been prophetic of the end of Stevenson. Thus did they bear him towards his grave on the Samqan mountain-top—upwards, towards the peaks and the stars and the great silence. If a great writer is, as Stevenson contended, the writer who writes finely on a broomstick, then we have lost our greatest writer. Nor, since Elia was laid in the little churchyard at Edmonton, have we had a more lovable figure than the dainty, whimsical essayist who travelled with a donkey in the Cevennes, or discoursed in delicate English "for lads and virgins." It was not only weakness of lungs that drove him to Samoa. It was a natural aversion from civilization. He was, indeed, something of an anarchist, this genial author of "The Dynamiters"; and "this business of living in towns," as he put it, was counter to the vagabond instincts that preferred a sack in the woods to a bed in a grand hotel. He loved savagery, the elemental simplicity of woods and waters, with that passion which it takes the highest culture to develop. And far from the grinding of printing presses, by reef and palm, he wove his cunning web of magic phrase for the delectation of Princes Street and the Strand. He mistrusted the garnered sciences of the schools, had conceptions of a great open encyclopædia of experience, so that to con the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid and to hear the band play in the gardens were equally studious.

It was this strain of Bohemianism, this pervasive sense of the romantic and the picaresque, that gave him an interest in rogues, set him writing an essay on Villon, and probing in many a creation the psychology of the scoundrel, for whose virtues he had a tender, anxious eye. That women did not cut any figure in his books springs from this same interest in the elemental. Women are not born, but made. They are a social product of infinite complexity and delicacy. For a like reason Stevenson was no interpreter of the modern. His one contribution to fiction in this aspect is his sense of the romantic possibilities lurking beneath the surface prose of great cities: for him London was Babylon in more than the preacher's meaning. He could make believe that Rupert Street was in Arabia, and that Haroun al Raschid was supping at the Criterion. A child to the end, always playing at "make-believe"; dying young as those whom the gods love, and as he would have died had he achieved his centenary, he was the natural exponent in literature of the child. His nursery rhymes are literature for men, and in his essay,

"The Lantern-bearers," his imaginative interpretation of childhood opens out into a wonderful exposure of the fallacy of "realistic" fiction. That and "Pulvis et Umbra" constitute his highest flights in the emotional essay, for to the lucent graces of the style there is added here an answering dignity of vital matter.

As a rule his essays lack that power of abstract thinking which gives body to Hazlitt's. To think in the abstract was indeed not his *métier*. He saw things in the concrete, through individual images luminously objective. When he went on his "Inland Voyage" through French by-ways, he had no such reflections as befel the estimable Arthur Young. The wealth of nations is indifferent to him, statistics delight him not, nor sociology neither. The peasant proprietor draws from him no generalisation; he paddles his own canoe and thinks amiably of supper. He meets an impecunious vagrom actor, and all his latent Bohemianism swells in sympathy. The old mummers's cheerfulness reconciles him to life. Stevenson had, indeed, no philosophy of life except that it is worth living, and so he may claim to have avoided the fallacy which *l'itet in generalibus*. The concrete endures where philosophy fades. The same lack of general conceptions permeates his admirable novels. They are all amplified anecdotes, and all compact of those perils and adventures on which a sickly person naturally broods longingly, and he has set a whole school of disciples (with no such excuse of valetudinarianism) brooding on blood and writing in the reddest of ink. His Scotch romances have been as overpraised by the zealous Scotchmen who cry "Genius" at the sight of a kilt, and who lose their heads at a waft from the heather, as his other books have been under-praised. The best of all, "The Master of Ballantrae," ends in a bog; and where the author aspires to exceptional subtlety of character-drawing, he befogs us or himself altogether. We are so long weighing the brothers Ballantrae in the balance, watching it incline now this way, now that, scrupulously removing a particle of our sympathy from the one brother to the other, to restore it again in the next chapter, that we end with a conception of them as confusing as Mr. Gilbert's description of Hamlet, who was "idiotically sane with lucid intervals of lunacy."

Stevenson's *leit-motifs* are few and persistent. A buried treasure; a boy on an island (note how *le bon Dieu* gave him an island to play with and die in); a brave but stockish young man who is ready to risk his life for a lady, whose love for him he fails to perceive (how this patent has been copied!); the companionability of rogues with honest men in their common peril; the fantastic possibilities of the modern—of such is his stock-in-trade. But what wonderful bits of color in some of his romances! Who can ever forget Alan Breck's match at the pipes, or the auction-scene in "The Wrecker"? In these later books of adventure Mr. Stevenson tries for a new thing, for which he has had scant credit. He seeks to combine the novel of character with the novel of adventure; to develop character through romantic action, and to bring out your hero at the end of the episode not the fixed character he was at the beginning, as is the way of adventure-books, but a modified creature. This is especially notable in "The Ebb-Tide," that marvellous study of the "Macabresque." Still it is his essays and his personality, rather than his novels, that will count with posterity. On the whole, a great provincial writer. Whether he has that inherent grip which makes a man's provinciality the very source of his strength, so that, as with "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Arabian Nights," the provincial merges in the universal, only the centuries can show.

It is with a melancholy interest that I recall the last words I wrote—but a few months ago—of this brilliant man of letters, whom I have never seen, and whose loss is yet a personal sorrow:—"As for the romance of the modern, it would have been a greater achievement to have found it here at home, and not gone questing to the South Seas for it, as for a buried treasure. The treasure lies here, under our eyes,

at our very feet. Every alley and byway is swarming with romance. The great dramas of life are working themselves out under every roof in the most prosaic of streets. Never was there more romance than to-day, with its ferment of problems and propaganda, its cosmopolitan movement, its contrast of wealth and poverty, its shock and interaction of populations and creeds, its clash of mediæval and modern. The ends of the ages meet in every Atlantic liner. It will be an eternal pity if a writer like Stevenson passes away without having once applied his marvellous gifts of vision and sympathy to the reproduction and transfiguration of everyday human life, if he is content to play perpetually with wrecks and treasures and islands, and to be remembered as an exquisite artist in the abnormal."

Stevenson set the fashion of literary interest in the child's psychology; and books about children, as distinct from children's books, are now a delightful nook of literature. This child's garden seems chiefly to be cultivated by ladies, like Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. It was a charming fragment of autobiography that the latter published in "The One I Knew the Best of All." We elders have forgotten our own childish troubles; childhood looms as the happiest time of our existence; we have lost touch of its imaginative terrors. Mrs. Burnett suffered agonies as a child because she was told she would be prosecuted and clapped into prison if she walked on the grass in the public gardens; the fear of inadvertently treading on that grass haunted her like a nightmare, and filled her dreams with horrid visions of her forgetful foot grazing a blade of grass. She made friends with the local policeman, and as she sat on the bench he hovered over her in genial majesty, unbending even to the conversation point. One day she plucked up courage to ask him if he would arrest her, his little friend, should she trespass on the grass. He replied, "Why, certainly." Duty was duty. She then pointed out to him beseechingly that the bench on which she sat abutted on the grass, and that there was ample room between the top rail and the backless seat for her diminutive body to fall accidentally backwards upon the sacred precinct. Would he have to arrest her even then? Never dreaming of the profound anxiety underlying the poor little girl's query, the jocose policeman assured her that he would have no option. And the child went home to suffer new terrors at the thought of accidentally toppling backwards from the seat on which her unsuspecting nurse was wont to deposit her. Similar childish apprehensions are recorded in Isabel Fry's "Uninitiated," a little book as charming as it is veracious. Very quaint are the child's thoughts in "A Discovery in Morals"—the governess-ridden infant praying that God will leave off taking care of her for just one minute.

In "The Emu and Home of Rest," the child, fresh to all the impressions of the universe, notices every feature of the way through which she walks with a minuteness that is only attained by us adults when we are lost in a fog and grope our way along inch by inch. A Russian novelist could scarcely better this:—

"Nurse steered her course for a walk which led us into a most melancholy region. The first part of it, however, I did not much mind: the street was lively, the houses and shops were quiet and comfortable-looking. * * * On the left-hand side of the road was a featureless, yellow brick wall, from above which rose a steep turf bank. It looked like the grass mound of some gigantic grave, and there was no comfort in knowing it was called a 'reservoir.' On the opposite side were quaint little white plastered houses for a space, leading immediately to a foreign-looking building much bedaubed with granular stucco, over which presided a wretchedly executed stone figure of St. Aloysius, as was notified above in large letters. * * * Just beyond the reservoir on the left a narrow lane went steeply down behind a block of buildings, which probably contained some of the machinery for

pumping water into the tanks. All I certainly know about them is, that sometimes when we had passed by we heard sounds like colossal panting, which seemed to fill the air rather than to come from any one place. The thud was barely out of hearing, when we came upon the viaduct, which was really the chief element in my dislike of the road. As we stood upon it, and looked through the openings in the stone balustrade, we could see ever so far below us another road. Along it passed manure carts, brick carts and funerals. . . . Mingled with these hateful sights was the poisonous breath of the distant brick fields."

The child's mind is full of the drollest conceits. I know a lady who is tapping this rich treasury, not from her own past, but from her children's actual presence. She gives them "thinking lesions." They sit on the floor and think out aloud some given subject, speaking out every thought that occurs to them, relevant or not. Very odd and very delightful, and at times very suggestive, are the children's ideas, which she takes down in shorthand as they fall from the little mouths. Perhaps I shall one day induce her to let me publish some of them. They will make delicious reading.

I. ZANGWILL.

Literature

"Letters of Emily Dickinson"

Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. 2 vols. Roberts Bros.

IN PUBLISHING the letters of that remarkable woman Emily Dickinson, Mrs. Todd has not merely performed a labor of love, but has given to American literature a unique book. To review Miss Dickinson's letters is like reviewing her poetry: the critic instantly sees that here is something of unquestionable power that may not be labeled off-hand with any of the well-worn formulas that fit most books. In the conventional sense of the word, artist is not the term that one thinks of applying to Miss Dickinson. She had the Emersonian habit of trying to express her meaning poignantly and letting the rest go. This trait becomes a confused and irritating abruptness in writers whose meaning is of little worth; in writers of genius it is the startling abruptness of the seer. Men of the one class are ignorant of the value of art, and men of the other class deem their unrestrained utterance more precious than artistic success. But having something to say, and saying it in the way that most perfectly expresses the speaker's personality—this is after all the supreme, though not the only, element of art. Beyond any doubt, to Miss Dickinson must be ascribed this cardinal literary virtue. Spontaneity—the birth-right gift of the lyric poet and of woman—was hers also. Poetic spontaneity means not merely the desire to speak, but the need to speak. Miss Dickinson's reluctance to publish (it need only be recalled that her two volumes of poetry are posthumous) and her constant literary activity confirm, if confirmation be needed, her possession of the poetic instinct, which seeks utterance for the sake of utterance, because silence is impossible. "And when," she says, "a sudden light on orchards, or a new fashion in the wind troubled my attention, I felt a palsy, here, the verses just relieve." Herein is the note of every line that she penned—sincerity. Her letters, not a few of which are poems in everything but the conventional typographical arrangement in verses, help to make evident this vital characteristic of her poetry. And they bring to our knowledge the woman as well as the poet.

These letters reveal the inner life of their writer, and the editor accompanies them with a running commentary on such of the outward events of Miss Dickinson's retired existence as give a key to them. It is to be regretted that the comments are so brief, and that Mrs. Todd has not given us the life as well as the letters of her friend. In the early part of the book many will feel disappointed, now and then, after being brought to an interesting point, to find that the next letter bears date of a year or two later. The letters are grouped, all those addressed to one person being printed to-

gether. This prevents chronological sequence, but gives an air of unity to each friendship. Some of the earliest are written by the boarding-school girl of sixteen to her brother. They show the simplicity of unaffected girlhood, touched here and there by the promise of thoughtful maturity, and sparkling with sunny humor. Girlish jokes are followed, to be sure, by girlish explanations of the same, and the letters are not extraordinarily precocious. But their independence and originality and their spirit of family affection prelude the life that followed, foreshadowing especially the pathetic intensity with which the poet clung to her friends. "Pardon my sanity in a world insane," she wrote, "and love me if you will, for I had rather be loved than to be called a king in earth, or a lord in Heaven." "My friends are my estate. Forgive me, then, the avarice to hoard them." As the years go on, there are flashes of spontaneous phrasing, which become more and more frequent, until to that buoyancy of spirit which so often marks the writing of a shy and sensitive person there is added the radiance of literary power.

Miss Dickinson's letters lend themselves to quotation, but merely to quote the epigrams with which her pages are strewn would give an unfair idea of her writing. It is the farthest possible remove from the delightfully diffuse correspondence of some of the famous letter-writers of her sex, to the condensed, sublimated missives of Emily Dickinson: and for this reason the letters should be quoted in full. Quotation must be confined to a few extracts, however, of those "thoughts like daisies and sentences [that] could hold the bees." A letter written in response to some inquiries from Col. Higginson (she had just sent to him, a stranger, four of her poems for criticism) contains some characteristic sentences:—

"You asked how old I was? I made no verse, but one or two until this winter, sir. . . . You inquire my books. For poets, I have Keats, and Mr. and Mrs. Browning. For prose, Mr. Ruskin, Sir Thomas Browne, and the Revelations. I went to school, but in your manner of the phrase, had no education. When a little girl, I had a friend who taught me immortality; but, venturing too near, himself, he never returned. . . . You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog, large as myself, that my father bought me. They are better than beings because they know, but do not tell; and the noise in the pool at noon excels my piano."

Without further comment, here are some extracts from very diverse letters:—

"I am glad my little girl is at peace. Peace is a deep place. Some, too faint to push, are assisted by angels." "Men and women,—they talk of hallowed things, aloud, and embarrass my dog." "Home is the definition of God." [On the death of a child.] "'Come unto me' could not alarm those minute feet—how sweet to remember. . . . The little creature must have been priceless—yours and not yours,—how hallowed. . . . The little furniture of loss has lips of dirks to stab us. I hope Heaven is warm, there are so many barefoot ones. I hope it is near—the little tourist was so small. I hope it is not so unlike earth that we shall miss the peculiar form—the mould of the bird." "How strange that nature does not knock, and yet does not intrude."

"There is no frigate like a book

To take us lands away,

Nor any coursers like a page

Of prancing poetry.

This traverse may the poorest take

Without oppress of toil;

How frugal is the chariot

That bears the human soul!"

"Mother went rambling, and came in with a burdock on her shawl, so we know that the snow has perished from the earth."

A genuinely heroic spirit is in the noble description of the death in battle and the burial of her young townsman, Frazer Stearns. It is too long to quote, but it is impossible not to refer to it. The dignity of this passage speaks for itself:—"He went to sleep from the village church. Crowds came to tell him good-night, choirs sang to him, pastors told how brave he was—early-soldier heart. And the family bowed their heads, as the reeds the wind shakes." The hand that could write such a requiem needs no further praise.

Our Presidents

Personal Recollections of Sixteen Presidents. By Richard W. Thompson. With Portraits. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.

MR. THOMPSON justly and appropriately begins this work with Washington, although his "personal recollections do not reach back far enough to embrace any portion of the period covered by the administrations of Washington, the elder Adams, Jefferson and Madison; and are only shadowy with reference to that of Monroe." But his early associations were such "as to bring me from boyhood into immediate intercourse and under the direct influence of men of the Revolution, who stamped impressions upon my mind, with regard to early events and those who were the chief agents in producing them, which nothing intervening, however stirring, has been able to remove." The words of these early patriots lead him to say in his chapter on Washington:—"There is nothing I remembered better than the opinions I frequently heard expressed upon these subjects, by the Revolutionary compatriots of Washington—men who, without being politicians, had aided in gathering together the materials out of which the National Union was formed. They seemed to me as sacred as was the utterance of the oracle to the ancient Greeks; and as, in my old age, my mind runs back involuntarily to them, I think I see with perfect distinctness, that some of the saddest events that have occurred in my own time have been produced by the neglect of Washington's counsels." Jefferson he saw only once, in 1825, when the life of the author of the Declaration of Independence was nearly completed.

"He was then," says Mr. Thompson, "two years younger than I am as I now write, but bore the marks of decrepitude—the wearing away of the vigorous energies of manhood. Notwithstanding the thoughts that crowded my youthful mind, I could not avoid observing the plainness and almost simple rusticity of his dress. His clothing was evidently home-made—probably woven upon a domestic loom—and there was nothing about either its cut or make-up to indicate that it had passed through the hands of a fashionable tailor. In fact, he belonged to that class of men who, disregarding the frivolities of society, devote their best faculties to other and greater objects. His shoulders were considerably stooped. He did not remove his hat, and I could observe only the face below it. I obtained a position, however, which enabled me to see his eyes with tolerable distinctness; and while they had undoubtedly lost somewhat of their brilliancy, they were still clear, penetrating and bright. His voice was feeble and slightly tremulous, but not sufficiently so to leave the impression that it was not susceptible of distinct and clear enunciation when there was occasion for it. It appeared to me that he was careful in selecting his purchases, but he did not higgie about the prices. The merchant with whom he dealt exhibited the most marked deference to him, and when his purchases closed, took him by the arm and conducted him to his carriage, which he slowly entered with his assistance and that of the driver."

As one reads on from page to page and from chapter to chapter, the temptation to quote grows ever stronger. Andrew Jackson's "early education was necessarily defective, owing to causes well understood, but he wrote with perfect accuracy, in a bold hand characteristic of himself, and scarcely ever made an interlineation or erasure—which can be truthfully said of but few of the most distinguished literary men. His private letters which came into my possession bear the impress of much thought, clear and accurate judgment, and conclusions sagaciously drawn from his premises." The work closes with Lincoln, for whom Mr. Thompson has the boundless admiration and deep affection that are his due from every true American, and which are given to him freely and in full measure by all thinking men and women, whatever their nationality. The title of the work seems to us not to express its full scope and value. It contains personal recollections, no doubt, but not in the form of gossip or information of a private nature, and its great value lies in our eyes in the lucid, rapid sketches of the history of political parties under each administration, which make as actual the factions and fights and combinations of earlier days as are those of the

present year and day. Whoever reads these volumes will add much to his knowledge of American history, and especially of American politics. The author's style is lucid and unpretentious, and, on the whole, whoever reads him will pass a few hours in an agreeable as well as an instructive manner. The illustrations consist of portraits of every President discussed.

We may add here, as a matter of record, that Mr. Thompson is the only surviving member of the Indiana Legislature of 1834, and, since the death of the late Robert C. Winthrop, the only survivor of the Twenty-Seventh Congress. He was the President of the Panama Commission, and Secretary of the Navy under President Hayes.

Miss Edgeworth

The Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth, edited by Augustus J. C. Hare. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THIS is an important addition to literary biography, in spite of the fact that the work might have been better done. The lady herself refused to prepare any biographical preface to her novels, though often urged to do so. Her life, she thought, could have nothing of interest for the public. A collection of her letters was printed after her death by her stepmother, but only for private circulation. Now that her generation has long since passed away, her family at last permit these letters to be given to the world. The editor tells us that he has "had little more to do than to make a selection, and to write such a thread of biography as might unite the links of the chain." This thread is of the slightest, and sometimes does not serve to make the chain complete. After the first eight or ten pages, which tell us of her birth, parentage, and home, we find only bits of a few lines at long intervals to connect the letters; and the letters have not been pruned of many little trivialities that merely encumber the pages. We do not particularly care to know that in September, 1807, Miss Edgeworth thanked her "beloved aunt" for "the six fine rose-trees and for the little darling double-flowering almond-tree," and that, when her younger brother "asked if there was nothing for him," she "very generously gave him the polyanthus and planted them at the corners of his garden pincushions"; and just how many people, whose names were never heard of outside the immediate neighborhood, were at dinner on a certain Friday, and who called in the evening, and so on. All that one would now care to have of the correspondence could be condensed into two-thirds, if not half, of the space.

This portion of the matter we should be exceedingly sorry to miss, for the lady was one of the few writers of books who can write letters that really are letters, and not like unpublished pages out of their books. The explanation of it is, partly that she had the rare gift of talking on paper—which is the ideal letter-writing,—and partly that she had no thought that this free and easy pen-talk would ever get into print. They were written from her home at Edgeworthstown, Dublin, London, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Brussels, Chantilly, Calais, Paris, Geneva, Berne, and many other places in the British Isles and on the Continent; and they abound in sprightly comments on scenery, architecture, society and literature. Of Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," just published, she writes that she does not like it, though her father says that "the lines are very strong, and worthy of Pope and 'The Dunciad.'" She adds:—"He may have great talents, but I am sure he has neither a great nor good mind; and I feel dislike and disgust for his Lordship." Curiously enough, she thought "Rokeby" better than "The Lady of the Lake" or "Marmion"—"a higher and better, because less Scotch, more universal style of poetry than any he has yet produced, though not altogether perfect of its kind." As a rule she criticises people better than she does books. A very full index is appended to the volumes, and a portrait of Miss Edgeworth forms the frontispiece of the first, as a view of Edgeworthstown does of the second.

Medieval Germany

German Society at the Close of the Middle Ages. By E. Belfort Bax.
Macmillan & Co.

THIS IS THE first instalment of a work that aims at giving English readers a general view of the social condition and popular movements of Germany during the Reformation. The author deals in this volume, which has a more general character than its successors, with a period limited, roughly speaking, by the closing years of the fifteenth century on the one side, and by 1525, the opening year of the great Peasant War, on the other. The next volume will treat more in detail the events of the years 1524-26; the third will contain a history of the Anabaptist movement in Central Europe, from its rise at Zwickau in 1522, to its decline after the capture of Münster. In the volume before us, Mr. Bax gives, after a general introduction, many new and interesting facts in connection with the peasant revolts of the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. Most people are unable to grasp and worship an abstract ideal: to become real to them, the ideal has to be incorporated in some man, who represents it tangibly, as it were. Thus most people express their allegiance to the principles of the Reformation in their intense admiration for Luther. To them many pages of this work will be painful, for they shatter cherished views. As regards morality, it is shown here, by quotations from Luther's own works, what lax notions he had on the relation of the sexes; as regards rationalism, we find that Luther believed in hobgoblins—in the whole hierarchy, in fact, of evil spirits which was supposed to infest the mediæval world. Mr. Bax shows, also, that Luther's attitude towards politics was not purely passive, as is usually supposed, but that he aided at first the revolt of the lesser knights under Sickingen, and only abandoned their cause when they had met with crushing defeat. All this is incontestably true, but the scientific mind, which never views a man apart from his historic environment, will nevertheless recognize Luther's greatness. The unscientific reader, on the other hand, who knows nothing of the brutality and coarseness of that age, will compare Luther's moral code with that of the nineteenth century, and wonder why he was taught to worship Luther as one of the greatest of moral reformers: his doubts may even extend to the Reformation itself. That the author gives no comfort to such a perplexed mind, is the main criticism we have to make on this part of the book. It says much about Luther's intellectual and ethical defects, but does not tell why, in spite of them, he is still one of the greatest of men. After discussing the Reformation, Mr. Bax gives us two interesting chapters on the literature and folk-lore of the period. Quotation on quotation from the ephemeral literature of the time illustrate most admirably contemporary life. Passing away from the world of intellect, Mr. Bax describes the German town, gives an account of the revolt of the knighthood, and closes his volume with a chapter on the new jurisprudence.

The book is written in a clear and polished style; it is devoid of pedantry, and contains a mass of interesting and little-known facts, arranged in a logical manner. On certain points it is outspoken, and unnecessarily so, even to the verge of brutality. The earnestness, and deep, we may even say enthusiastic, interest of the author in his subject has infused the spirit of life into the *dissecta membra*, the raw material at the historian's disposal. One general criticism and some corrections must be made. In the preface our author writes:—"The average student of any historical period invariably reads into his interpretation the intellectual, moral and social atmosphere that lies nearest to him. He cannot strip away the intervening time-content between himself and the period in question. It is the most difficult of all exercises of the imagination, and to most men, indeed, impossible to realize that the same words, names, customs and institutions connote totally different actualities in different stages of historic evolution." How true in all respects, but what So-

phoclean irony! Did Œdipus ever utter words of condemnation that were more applicable to himself? Mr. Bax is a socialist, and "the moral and social atmosphere that lies nearest to him" has colored his book from cover to cover. His socialism is visible, both when he calls Ranke's standpoint that of general "bourgeois Philistinism," and when, like Rousseau, he seems to attribute all social evils to private property. The modern historical school is decidedly optimistic, perhaps too much so, for it tends to the assertion that every institution that has existed has been a useful link in the chain of progress. But Mr. Bax sees in European history a constant degradation from the ideal communism of barbarism to the extremely individualistic society of to-day. The trouble is that he views history solely from the standpoint he holds regarding his *bête-noire*, private property, and, also, that he has too little of the imagination he describes above. He does not realize in practice "that the same words * * * connote totally different actualities in different stages of historic evolution." The communism of the village-communities is not the communism Mr. Bax would like to see established now. In reviewing his and Mr. Morris's joint book on socialism some months ago, *The Critic* pointed out that the authors were apt to cut the Gordian knot, and to decide by a stroke of the pen the most mooted questions in history. The same tendency appears in this work. It is not strange, in view of the author's predilection for the village-community, that of the many theories as to the origin of the mediæval towns, he should have selected Von Maurer's. Scholars have dismissed this theory as insufficient. Then, probably following J. R. Green, our author refers to Edward IV. as the founder of the absolute monarchy; yet even Mrs. Green has rejected her husband's views.

An Idyll of the Woods

A Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. Illustrated by Albert Sterner. Harper & Bros.

MR. ALLEN is a rare figure in contemporaneous literature. He has that same delicate touch upon the heart-strings which gives so subtle a charm to the literary style of the late George William Curtis, and, although we are conscious that it is high praise to class one with Mr. Curtis, in this case we do so without hesitation. So it must seem peculiarly appropriate that Mr. Albert Sterner, whose charming drawings for "Prue and I" have taught this generation to read a book in which its fathers delighted, should illustrate Mr. Allen's exquisite story. Personally we belong to that benighted class of "cits" who can walk the woods and penetrate the inmost recesses of the swamps without consciousness of the bird-life thronging the trees; and yet we read the books about birds and woods with joyous delight. Audubon, Thoreau, Burroughs, Olive Thorne Miller, all yield to us the sort of delight which Mr. Quiller Couch recently denounced as flamboyant Cockneyism—a delight which that trenchant gentleman reduced *ad absurdum* when he pictured the country-bred man singing Acadian idylls of flagstones and asphalt and their coy, blue-breasted denizen, the "Bobby." But we are nothing daunted in enjoyment of *rus in libris*, and perhaps it was this love of the bird in literature which made "A Kentucky Cardinal" so fresh and dainty a tale to us. Moreover, one could seek far to find healthier love-making than is here retailed.

The story is of the wooing of Adam Moss, a recluse in a garden of fairy land, where all the fruits and flowers blossom and ripen in their perfection, and where the birds have all learnt to rest in transit on their long migratory journeys. Adam knows them all and loves them best of God's creatures—till he meets Georgiana. For the favors of this arch-Rosalind we would fain become Adam's rival. Her resources of torment are bewildering, her tenderness, as revealed in sudden access of maiden shyness, is as alluring as a summer's day, and, in fine, she is a heroine to pique a wooer in pursuit to sacrifice right gladly the chiefest gods of

his worship. It is nothing less than this that her influence extorts from Adam. At her fancied bidding he lures the confident birds to his hand, and the very wildest of them all, the "Kentucky Cardinal," that living flame yclept the red grosbeak, is delivered to the maiden, a caged prisoner. Of Adam's remorse and Georgiana's grief, of the happiest of spring-time matings, Mr Allen tells us. And when the end is reached, we must sigh from excess of delightful emotion.

A Modern Monte-Cristo

Six Thousand Tons of Gold, By H. R. Chamberlain. Meadville, Penn.: Flood & Vincent.

THE OPENING OF this story by the London correspondent of the New York *Sun* is a fairly well contrived sketch, in the Jules Verne vein, of the finding of a great placer-mine in Southern Patagonia and the appropriation of its treasures by a young New Yorker, Brent, with the consent of the Indians, who see in it only a temptation to adventurous whites to come among them with rifles and whiskey, exterminate them and take possession of their country. But the real interest in the tale begins when Brent has his six thousand tons of the precious metal safely stored in New York, and tries to find out what to do with it. There is no inducement to use it in the ordinary manner, that is, as a means for the acquisition of more wealth; and to give it away would pauperize the whole country. But to let it lie idle is repugnant, it seems, to his American instincts. In this, we believe, Mr. Chamberlain is wrong; for no one on earth can be as inactive in the face of strong temptation to action as an American who does not quite see his way to a desirable result. He can quite contentedly pass years in whittling, calculating and waiting for something to turn up. Mr. Brent, however, is an exception. Afraid, himself, to move, because he might do more harm than good, he takes counsel with a friend, who is a member of an inconspicuous and conservative firm dealing in stocks, and is led by him to enter on a crusade against the bears, who are trying to precipitate the fall in prices in a naturally declining market.

Notwithstanding that there is no change in the general industrial situation, the market being much overstocked, a large disbursement of gold keeps prices up. But then gold begins to decline in purchasing power, people no longer regard it as a standard of value, and begin to hoard actual commodities instead. No one gains by the change but the farmers, who get high prices for their wheat, and are enabled to pay off their mortgages with cheap money. Fortunes are made and lost by operators, but little of the new wealth finds its way into the hands of the working-people in the cities. Factories start up for a time and pay what seem good wages but are not, because of the change in values. Then, since the demand is only speculative, and the market is really overstocked, they are obliged to shut down once more, and labor demonstrations and bread riots follow. In short, the interference of the two omnipotent philanthropists only makes matters worse than they were. They seek advice from wiser heads, an international council is convoked, and it is determined, as the only way to save the business system of the world from ruin, to dump all but a small portion of the treasure in the ocean, which is done. The story is well told and interesting, though, of course, it bears no relation to the actual facts of finance.

"History of the Free Quakers in Philadelphia"

THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS in Philadelphia was born when the question of serving King George or the Continental Congress was presented to the consciences of men and women who were patriots as well as Christians. It was the deft fingers of one of these Free Quakers, Elizabeth Claypoole, a poor woman who supported herself with her needle, that made the first American flag used in the army. The order of Congress which paid her for this service has been preserved: The "Meeting" of which she was a member disowned her for making the flag, and, with her husband, who was a Lieutenant in the regiment of Col. Jehu Eyre (himself a Quaker), she joined the Free Quakers. "Betsey," who died in 1836, lived to see honored all over the world the flag of which she had first sewed together the stars and stripes. Col. Eyre, who was Washington's aide at the Battle of Princeton, and who left at his death a barrel full of letters from Washington and the great men of the Revolution and the National Government, is almost unknown to fame, though painted by Trumbull in his picture. This is simply because, through the irony of fate, his executors were two Quakers, who, belonging to the old school,

looked on chapeau, épauettes, sword and military correspondence as works of the devil, and therefore buried them at night in the earth and thus in oblivion. The Free Quakers, separating from their old comrades—who, by the way, were in too many cases Tories—served in the Continental armies, and in every way acted as generous patriots, as they have done in every subsequent war imperilling the nation. On the front of that venerable two-storied edifice at the corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, in Philadelphia, just opposite the old Christ's Church burying-ground where Benjamin Franklin sleeps, there is a marble tablet. It bears an inscription which shows how highly the Free Quakers were appreciated by patriotic citizens:—"By General Subscription, For the Free Quakers, Erected, in the Year of Our Lord 1783, of the Empire 8." In the list of contributors to the building-fund the names of Washington, Franklin and other distinguished patriots are found. When the meeting-house was approaching completion, some asked why the words "In the Year of the Empire 8" were inserted. A Quaker brother answered, "I tell thee, friend, it is because our country is destined to be the great empire over all this world." Mr. Charles Wetherill has done well to write this "History of the Free Quakers in Philadelphia," which has been printed by the Society of Friends in an edition limited to 800 copies. A handsome engraving of the old building is given as frontispiece, and there are valuable lists of the Free Quakers, both deceased and living.

Fiction

"MAELCHO," by the Hon. Emily Lawless, is an impressive story of sixteenth-century Ireland. It deals with the unsuccessful uprising of the Desmonds and the consequent cruelties inflicted upon the dependent peasantry by the relentless English troops. The story has not a cheerful page in it, yet its pathos is not depressing. The adventures of the young English lad, Hugh Gaynard, and the wanderings of Maelcho, the senachie of Sir James Fitzmaurice, give a continuous interest to the narrative. Maelcho is a picturesque, almost uncanny figure, one that is likely to hold a place in any reader's memory. The writer of the novel has chosen as her theme a very sad chapter in the history of human suffering, and her facts tell their own story by virtue of their sheer reality. It is this tone of fidelity to the subject, rather than skilful construction, or even unity of purpose, that makes the book worth reading. (D. Appleton & Co.)—GILBERT PARKER'S "The Trail of the Sword" is a robust, straightforward tale of love and war, with scene laid in the days when France and England were rivals in the colonization of America. It is distinctly a story of action, told dramatically, with but few moral or descriptive interruptions to the narrative. Two or three duels, a siege of Quebec, a search for treasure sunken in the River de la Plante, an expedition to the Hudson Bay country—these are some of the incidents that make up a story of continuous interest. The love of two men for the same girl is told in an unhackneyed way; and the title of the novel suits, for the swords of the lovers come readily out of their scabbards. (D. Appleton & Co.)—"Day-Dreams and Night-Mares" is the inapt title that Mr. Fred Grant Young gives to a little, paper-covered volume of stories. One of the sketches, "Her Wedding Day," is very well done. It shows skill in construction, and proves that the writer has an eye for certain real effects in life. The other eight stories, however, are merely specimens of space-writing. (Groveland, Mass.: The Hermitage Pub. Co.)

"SEA YARNS FOR BOYS," by W. J. Henderson, is a book of enormous and delightful whoppers, told by the Old Sailor to two young admirers, but which will be eagerly read by thousands of others. "A Terrible Cyclone" tells of the disastrous ending of the voyage of the "Central Park," with its valuable cargo of guinea-pigs and spectacles. During the storm, which lasted ten days, the guinea-pigs, being necessarily neglected, ate up the spectacles and, as might be expected, died of indigestion. The "Convenient Whale" was an inconvenient whale to begin with, for he yanked the narrator, at the end of a harpoon-line, clean out of his ship and through the multitudinous seas at a very uncomfortable rate; but the harpoon had stuck in his funny-bone; he, therefore, soon fell asleep, and the Old Sailor was enabled to make a comfortable journey on whale-back. Once he dropped overboard in a fog from the bark "Sago Puddin'," bound for Rio with a cargo of quill toothpicks and ready-made "pants," and was rescued by a veritable merman, Benjamin B. Seagrave by name; and, again, when skipper of the "Flyin'-Squirrel," from St. John to Greenock, with carpet-tacks and bottled beer, he had a terrific encounter with

the ghost of Horatio B. Smiggs. He had seen the only original serpent rammed into four, had served under a monkey captain, and had made his way around in the hold of an acrobatic steamer in a tangle of tin cans, rattlesnakes' teeth, goat-skins, ropes, old iron, bags, blocks and "all sorts o' riff-raff piled up in the worst kind o' confusion wot ever was knowed sence the destruction of Sodom and Tomorrow." The tales are very well illustrated. (Harper & Bros.)

TRULY A GRISLY TALE is Dr. Conan Doyle's new story, "The Parasite," uncanny and grisly even to a public hardened to tales of mesmeric influence from Poe to Du Maurier. For all that she is dressed in the motley of the modern psychologist, this "Parasite" is as awful as the vampire of the mediæval tales, and Dr. Doyle knows it. He has employed the art of dramatic illusion and condensation in candid disregard of the unities of science, and takes that one step into the unknown where the fictionist can go, and whither the psychologist longs to follow. The tale is one of "obsession," to use the jargon of the cult—that mesmeric influence by which Svengali conquered Trilby being here the power of a woman to subdue a man. The subject is a young Oxford don, a man of facts, conventional and successful in his convention, who is engaged to the loveliest woman in the world when he meets the "Parasite." That inauspicious lady, old and ill-favored as she is, still desires the love of a young man, and exerts all her marvellous force in the successful subjugation of the professor's will and body, if not of his mind. His struggles are rehearsed with the minuteness which is only possible in a diary, and it is his journal which tells the story. Dr. Doyle is powerful but not pleasing in this book, which will make no one better for the reading of it, and will, we are sure, frighten some nervous people into fits. (Harper & Bros.)

MR. BUNNER is always lively, but for pure liveliness we doubt that he ever wrote anything more joyous than "More Short Sixes." Here are tales to please every taste, graceful and débonair, sweetly sad and broadly comic, and withal unfailingly original. For instance, there is that episode in the experience of Mr. Vincent Egg—Mr. Egg who was old and stout and red-nosed and shabby, and wore a look at once timorous, fatuous and weakly mendacious, and whose learned profession was the composition of that indispensable and orphic literature with which every European traveller lines his trunks, in neat, red-cloth binding. He knew all about architecture in its most abbreviated expression, he was infallible in dates (for who ever thought of inquiring further than the authority of a guide-book?) and he was a cheerful drunkard. To know him in the earning of his "wage of sin" is pure sentimental joy, for he is as resourceful as Ulysses, and as untruthful. The complications which followed Mr. Wick and his young wife in the first days of their housekeeping, when they attempted to care for that gentleman's three-months-old aunt, are delightfully harrowing, but they are as nothing to the adventures of that good Maine lady of the backwoods, who was deprived of her normal and respectable clothes and had resort to the full regalia of an opera dancer, providentially and quite naturally found in a wayside tavern. Mr. Bunner has never revealed the possibilities of American womanhood with more startling effect than in the display of the understanding of this good lady arrayed in pink and gauze, and he has been boldly seconded by his illustrator, the versatile Mr. Taylor, who leaves nothing to the imagination with regard to "Samantha Boom-de-ay," who was more than a figure of speech. But there are others in the book quite as diverting; as, for instance, that essay in theosophy entitled "The Choollet," or the tale of vengeance wrought upon "The Man with the Pink Pants." This book is clearly a profitable investment: one could go further and fare worse. (Keppler & Schwarzmann.)

"A CHILD OF THE AGE" is not a new book, though it is newly published. The author, Francis Adams, was determined to be the English Balzac and complete a *Comédie Humaine* of his own, but he has recently died, without ripening the ambitions of his nonage. He was a clever writer, one of that great body of educated young Englishmen actuated by a great-hearted determination to accomplish fortune with a pen; and he was remarkable in his class chiefly because he avowed his desire of the highest things. In a measure, he was Macaulay's schoolboy, as we find him in his work full of undigested facts and book-learning, distended with theories and mysticisms, and morbid as an almost natural consequence. His faults as a writer were many, and 'twere easy to go through "A Child of the Age" with a blue pencil to

score pages for ridicule, but a little meditation upon the book convinces one that it has elements of potential and promising strength. For this reason we regret Mr. Adams's death, because a few more years of the civilizing consciousness that led him, at the end, to comment on this book as "crude and not quite candid," would, we feel sure, have chastened his style into the excellence of simplicity, and that attained, we should be prejudiced in favor of his cleverness—for simplicity of style is half the battle for popularity and fame as an author. "A Child of the Age," in the author's splendid scheme, is the history of a boyhood and early youth, of such grand passions and amorous entanglements as are within the possible experience of him who cries with the poet, "Qu'on est bien à vingt ans"; and it portrays the experiences of its eponymous hero with so much vivacity that one reads it through, despite the fact that its realism is of details—of cab-fares and the price of buns,—and that it oversteps the marches of good taste. We are fired by the enthusiasm which could conceive a scheme so vast as Mr. Adams's, and we respect him in his failure. Even in an age of too many books it was good for him to have written this one, and to have fallen in the van of the battle, *pour encourager les autres*. (Roberts Bros.)

New Books and New Editions

THE TWO volumes (XV. and XVI.) of *Scribner's Magazine* for 1894 have appeared in bound form, containing, as do their predecessors, a wealth of interesting reading-matter and excellent illustrations. During the past year Mr. Cable's "John March, Southerner," was begun and finished in these pages; Octave Thanet contributed the excellent "Sketches of American Types"; the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton selected the series of *Types of Contemporary Painting* that was finished in the month of his death; Paul Leicester Ford called attention to the new portrait of Franklin, discovered in Paris; John Heard, Jr., told the story of "Maximilian and Mexico," bringing out its true importance as an episode in the history of this country; and Austin Dobson recalled Robert Dodsley and his bookshop, "Tully's Head." The late Dr. Philip Schaff's diary of "The Gettysburg Week," also, was printed in the course of the year, together with the papers on American summer resorts, Prof. Shaler's articles on "Domesticated Animals," Octave Uzanne's "End of Books," Lowell's letters to Poe, Mrs. James T. Field's "Third Shelf of Old Books" and Cosmo Monkhouse's "George Frederick Watts, R.A." Among the poets who have contributed are Rudyard Kipling, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Archibald Lampman, Edith Wharton, Arthur Sherburne Hardy and Edith M. Thomas. *Scribner* long since made a place for itself in the American home, and it continues to occupy it with unabated success. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME of *St. Nicholas* (Nov. 1893-Oct. 1894) contains, first of all, Rudyard Kipling's jungle stories—those wonderful tales that are as attractive to grown-up people as to the real readers of this periodical for the young. In the City Series we have "New Orleans," by George W. Cable, "St. Augustine," by Frank R. Stockton, and "San Francisco," by Charles H. Shinn; and Mr. Brander Matthews writes of Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper and Benjamin Franklin. Palmer Cox's Brownies travel through the Union in these pages, having done the Chicago exhibition in an earlier volume; but an echo of the White City is found here in "The Children of the Plaisance," by Clara Doty Bates, and "Helen Keller's Visit to the World's Fair." We must mention, of course, the wonderful adventures of "Tom Sawyer Abroad," as chronicled by Mark Twain and illustrated by Dan Beard; the series of papers on the "Quadrupeds of America"; Garrett Newkirk's *Rhymes of the States*; Molly Elliot Seawell's "Decatur and Somers"; Mrs. Dodge's usual Dutch sketches; and Mrs. C. V. Jamison's "Toinette's Philip." The illustrations are excellent, as they have been this many a year; in fact, it is hard to write of each successive volume of this admirable periodical without falling into repetitions of words of praise. That it is properly appreciated by our little ones is evident from its prosperity; and this prosperity it has earned by setting before the men and women of to-morrow what is best for them morally and physically, what keeps them fresh and young and happy—the things they should know, and know thoroughly. (The Century Co.)

ONE OF THE saddest episodes of the French Revolution was the fate of the beautiful *Princesse de Lamballe*, the intimate friend of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who perished by the sword in

the September massacres of 1792. She incurred the enmity of Robespierre and expiated that crime (?) with her life. The horrible little monster, successful for the moment, paid for the murder in a manner worthy of Orestes pursued by the Furies or of Ibycus avenged by the Eumenides. Her story might well have inspired a Schiller or a Sophocles. The unfortunate woman was of the blood royal, of the Italian house of Este, her father being the Prince de Carignan. She was married in her girlish beauty to the dissipated son of the Duc de Penthièvre, and, after a short and miserable life with him, was left a widow still in her teens, supposed to mourn a husband who had stolen her diamonds to bestow them upon his mistress. She soon gained the confidence of the "Austrian" and her husband, and clung to them through thick and thin amid all the horrors of 1789. M. Georges Bertin, author of the entertaining memoirs of Joseph Bonaparte lately reviewed in *The Critic* (17 Feb., '94), has taken up her life and written it anew in the light of numerous unedited documents which he has unearthed from the national and other archives of France. The result is a monograph vivid with the vividness of all monographs relating to that most terrible of earthly tragedies, the French Revolution, yet possessing a peculiar interest of its own in the delicate and charming picture it paints of the famous golden-haired beauty whose saintliness of soul was only equalled by her refinement and gentleness. (Paris: E. Flammarion.)

IN HIS LITTLE WORK ON "Dancing," Mr. Edward Scott not only treats the subject in a popular manner, but at the same time has aimed to give the reader a higher conception of the art Terpsichorean than is usually entertained. He believes that the day is not far distant when dancing will resume a recognized position among the fine arts. Certain developments in "skirt-dancing" would seem to point at the possibility of this. The illustrations that accompany the book do not illustrate the grace of motion that is a part of good dancing. (Macmillan & Co.)—A BOOK ENTITLED "Americans in Europe," by "One of Them," contains little except personal gossip about Americans in London, Paris, Florence and Rome. The writer says in his preface:—"Whatever is now offered to the intellectual palate must be highly spiced and tasty. We no longer relish the natural juices and simple flavors of plain, natural and moral food, and we call in the French literary cook with his pungent sauces to tempt our jaded and indifferent appetites." He adds:—"It is quite useless to cry out against this state of things—we must accept the fact and write accordingly, if we can"; and again he says:—"I have taken my cue from the daily papers." The style and tone of the book are in keeping with this frank announcement; the dish, to carry out the author's figure, is what might be expected from the menu. It is not to our taste, and we cannot commend it to others. (Tait, Sons & Co.)—THE REV. GEORGE SUMNER WEAVER, D.D., has written a biography of his kinsman, the late Rev. Dr. James Henry Chapin. The book has been compiled at the instance of Dr. Chapin's immediate relatives, and with their wishes kept constantly in mind, but, as the biographer states, it is the special tribute of his wife. It is handsomely printed and bound and tells, in the usual laudatory style of the average biographer, the story of Dr. Chapin, who was a Universalist minister, and went through college, married, traveled, was agent for the Sanitary and the Freedmen's Aid Commissions, and was professor in and financial agent of the St. Lawrence University. He made, also, a journey round the world and wrote a book entitled "From Japan to Granada." There are ten excellent illustrations. The book is a memorial of a gentleman and a scholar. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE THIRD SUPPLEMENT to the Catalogue of the Public Library of Taunton, Mass., is a quarto of 267 pages, bound in boards. It contains, first, a list of the additions under authors, then the same classified, and, finally, an index of subjects. The number of volumes is not stated. The classified list is somewhat confusing, from the fact that the alphabetical arrangement is here discarded, Theology coming first, then Mental and Moral Science, and so on. This is partly remedied by the final index, which facilitates reference to both divisions and subdivisions. The work seems in general carefully done, with an occasional slip. Ebenezer C. Arnold is the Librarian.—THE FATTEST BOOK on our office shelves is the English "Reference Catalogue of Current Literature," London, 1894, received through *The Publishers' Weekly*. It is, also, one of the most useful, with its copious index filling 515 pages and referring to 156 publishers. The book is eleven inches across the back, and is purposely bound in one volume, so that it may not get lost on the office desk.

Theological and Religious Literature.

THE SUCCESSOR of President Timothy Dwight in the chair of New Testament Interpretation in Yale University is Dr. George B. Stevens. An enthusiastic student of biblical Greek, and profoundly versed in the writings of the Germans, Dr. Stevens's special power seems to lie in distinguishing each type of teaching in the New Testament as sharply as possible from every other. He thus brings out each writer's thought and style of argument in the strongest relief. This method has, of course, its advantages and limitations. Those who enjoy a work of plastic art in high relief must not expect the same artistic power, nor the fulness of accessories and perspective, which belong to a painting, or even to a wide and detailed casting in low relief. Nevertheless, the spirit of our age seems to seek pleasure less in universals than in particulars, in analysis rather than in generalization. Specialists, rather than all-around scholars or family physicians, seem to be most in demand. So, also, in the study: the preachers of to-day seek stimulus and refreshment in the monograph rather than in the encyclopædia. One is almost inclined to associate the complete system of dogmatic theology with the mastodon and dodo as things extinct or moribund. Prof. Stevens's former volume, on the "Pauline Theology," has finely prepared him for his monograph on "Johannine Theology." Whoever uses this volume aright will discern all the more clearly the fundamental unity and doctrine among the various Biblical books, as well as of each group of books which naturally belong together. The author finds that the most prominent peculiarity of John is the tendency to group his thoughts around certain great central truths. The profound conception of God as Spirit, Light and Love becomes to John the epitome of all he had to teach, and he grounds the work of Christ in His person. Prof. Stevens discusses the various doctrines of the logos of sin, salvation, the Holy Spirit, love, prayer, eternal life, etc., in short, lucid and luminous sentences. Prefixed to each chapter is an admirable summary of the literature, both standard and periodical, of the subject treated, while an excellent bibliography, an index of texts and one of subjects, make this a good working-tool for the preacher. In regard to the proportions observed in his literary edifice, it seems to us that Prof. Stevens has fallen into the usual mistake of laying extra emphasis on the doctrine of love taught by John, without treating, also, the doctrine of light. Such followers of Shedd, Hodge and others as accept the teachings of the old-style, systematic theologians, would have welcomed a discussion of the question as to how far John set forth the more judicial attributes of God. A book like this should freshen the sermons of the preacher who wishes to polish and brighten his own style and thought. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE VENERABLE Joseph Edkins, D.D., of Shanghai, China, author of the standard volume on Chinese Buddhism, has issued a suggestive monograph on "The Early Spread of Religious Ideas, Especially in the Far East." It appears as Volume XIX. in the excellent By-Paths of Bible Knowledge Series. Of this author's ability and scholarship there can be no question, but when he flings out his manifold and brilliant generalizations, he is more sensational than convincing. He has the habit, very irritating to scholars, of making strong, not to say revolutionary, statements, without giving authority for them. Those who remember his excursions into Japanese and how he tried to "improve" the Japanese language, amazing life-long students by original and daring *ex-cathedra* statements, cannot help reading his book with some degree of prejudice; and, when they find that, in spite of his castigations, he still insists that the Japanese Amaterasu, the sun-goddess, is nothing else than Mithras, written in Japanese, "though the Japanese themselves are not aware of this etymology," and that he persistently overworks his theory of the Persian origin of Japanese mythology and art, they cannot but feel that, despite the brilliancy of his writing, there is a lack of soundness in it. Nevertheless, his idea that revelation existed before mythology, that mythology is a morbid growth from philosophy, and that polytheism is a mistaken understanding of natural phenomena, is at least based on reasonable argument. Contrary to the teachings of such scholars as Max Müller and Dr. James Legge, that the religions of China and India grew up in isolation, and owed nothing important to influences from without, Dr. Edkins thinks that out of the ideas freely given by revelation in Central Asia, especially in Babylonia, came the root-beliefs of the primitive Chinese and Hindoos. He believes that if research be carefully conducted, it will be possible to recover the primeval history of mankind in religion as in other branches of human progress. In the ages before the Semites and Indo-Europeans began their

career, there was revelation, and it is recoverable. The primeval gift of divine revelation was one of the chief forces which saved men from falling into barbarism, and led them to the invention of all the civilized arts. Dr. Edkins maintains stoutly the pre-Mosaic origin of the book of Genesis for the unity of the Pentateuch. There is a chronological table and an index. Despite its faults, the book is not only informing, but provocative of thought. (The Religious Tract Society.)

AMONG THE VARIOUS manuals for the popular study of history and theology we note Henry C. Vedder's "Dawn of Christianity; or, Studies of the Apostolic Church." This book has been prepared for the use of young classes in the Baptist Church, in the study of the history of the early Church, and is printed in the Christian Culture Courses, modeled somewhat after the Chautauqua courses. Those engaged in these courses of study will find the book useful; besides, it may be of interest to any who desire to know what the Baptists teach in this matter. Touching the scholarship and style of the work, the name alone of the editor of *The Examiner* is a sufficient guarantee. The work is distinctly denominational in tone and elementary in scope and manner of treatment. (American Baptist Publication Soc.)—"OLD TABERNACLE THEOLOGY FOR NEW TESTAMENT TIMES," by the Rev. R. Braden Moore, D. D., of Vineland, N. J., is a portly work of the good, old-fashioned sort, which will have nothing to do with the newer theology or the criticism which, though many centuries old, is called "higher," and spelled with a capital H. To those who enjoy the theology of the Westminster symbols, there will be great joy in the reading of this book—provided it be really read. The author examines, only to reject, the views of "the critics," especially Wellhausen. He then deduces, by the well-known method of the schoolmen and of the seventeenth-century theologians, the familiar doctrines usually associated with the Calvinistic theology. He honors Patrick Fairbairn, the great master of typology, as thoroughly as he rejects McLeod, Campbell, Gladden, Briggs, etc. The tone of the discussion is admirable, the writer's style is clear and dignified, though with a tendency to be a little more dry and heavy than is necessary; but for the student who really wishes to master the subject of the Tabernacle, and to deduce from the ancient Hebrew writings the truths to be preached to living men, this book is a necessity. (Presbyterian Board of Publication.)

"SERMONS FOR THE CHURCH" is the title chosen by the Rev. Caleb Davis Bradlee, D. D., who is the preacher in Christ's Church, Longwood—that lovely suburb of Boston, which lies between the golden dome and Brookline. Five years ago Dr. Bradlee sent forth a very popular volume of "Sermons for All Sects," and in this newer work the same excellent qualities of his method and style are manifest. Dr. Bradlee is not dogmatic, but suggestive, and only to the eye of the heresy-hunter are there visible either beams or motes, while to the Christian, who loves to have Scripture passages turned into illuminated windows that let in sweetly toned and tempered light, these sermons are not only works of art, but minister to the needs of the soul. There are stalwart sermons for the hopeful and vigorous, there are calming sermons for the fretted and weary, and there are consoling sermons for those who have found that the pathway of life leads often through the valley of disappointment. For example, the sermon entitled "The Coronation of Failure" shows how grandly the Bible teaches by example even more clearly, perhaps, than by precept. There is a strain of hopefulness and exulting joy in these sermons, which seem to argue health both of the body and of the spirit in the writer, while the sure proof of their value in both oral and printed form is their manifold applications to the real life of the men and women of our time. (Boston: George H. Ellis.)—THE "METHODIST YEAR BOOK" for 1895, edited by A. B. Sanford, D. D., has appeared recently. It contains the usual information on denominational matters. (Hunt & Eaton.)

OF HARMONIES of the Gospels there has been of late a large crop, some good and some poor—most of them poor. The volume before us, "A Harmony of the Gospels for Historical Study," by Wm. Arnold Stevens, Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Rochester Theological Seminary, and Ernest DeWitt Burton, Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the University of Chicago, is of the better sort, for it does not attempt to "harmonize" what may not be brought into identity of statement. The purpose of the authors was to prepare a text-book for the historical study of the Gospels. An entirely new method has been employed to represent the parallelism of the sayings of Jesus, and

to indicate their connection. The text of the Revised Version of 1881 appears with the marginal readings. The main divisions correspond to the divisions of the ministry of Jesus, as indicated in the Gospels themselves. (Silver, Burdett & Co.)—IN THE BY-PATHS of Bible knowledge there is many a charming flower to be plucked, and not a few scholars and specialists have gone out botanizing in various directions, to come home with full specimen-boxes. One of the latest and best additions to the herbarium is "The Sanitary Code of the Pentateuch," by the Rev. C. G. K. Gillespie, whose name has attached to it on this title-page a long streamer of initials, titles and tokens of membership in various societies. Evidently these titles mean something, for it would be hard to find a brighter, snappier, more condensed and satisfactory statement of the subject. Not a word is redundant, and the details are given clearly and suggestively. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Proposed Testimonial to the Rev. Dr. Nicholson for his Demolition of Donnelly.—In *The Critic* of Jan. 5, I referred to the plan for the presentation of an illuminated address to Rev. Dr. A. Nicholson of Leamington, Eng., for the service he had done to English literature, and particularly to Shakespeare, by his complete refutation of the Donnelly "Cryptogram." I have since received a letter from Mr. William Southern, the Hon. Secretary of the Committee having the matter in charge, asking me to state that subscriptions to the testimonial from American lovers of Shakespeare will be gratefully received. The limit of subscription is fixed at five shillings, though Mr. Southern says that "Mr. Irving far exceeded that amount." Some have subscribed for themselves and their wives or other members of their families. No doubt there are readers of *The Critic* who will be happy to send a postal order for five shillings for themselves, if not for others, to Mr. Southern, whose address is 17 Dormer Place, Leamington, England.

A Note on Shakespeare's Marriage.—Mr. W. Libby of Ottawa, Canada, sends me the following note:—

"In 'The Tempest' (iv. 1.13) is found the following passage, which may be thought to have some bearing on a question connected with Shakspeare's biography:—

Prospero.—Then as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Ferdinand.—As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life, etc.

"In November, 1582, Shakspeare, then eighteen years of age, obtained a licence to marry Anne Hathaway, then twenty-six years of age. On the 26th of the following May, their first child, Susanna, was baptised. Anne Hathaway's friends seem to have urged the marriage, in order that her child might be born in wedlock. Susanna Shakspeare was the poet's favorite daughter, married a physician named Hall in 1607, was the mother in 1608 of the only grandchild her father lived to see, and at the death of the latter in 1616 inherited the bulk of his property.

"That Shakspeare was unhappy in his marriage has often been conjectured. Does the passage quoted above enable us to confirm what has been merely a conjecture hitherto? Does Prospero utter the above speech as a vulgar magician threatening with punishment any contravention of his wishes, or as a kindly seer and father warning his inexperienced children against a course of conduct that would lead inevitably to their unhappiness? In Prospero we find a blending of the thaumaturgist and the spiritual-minded prophet; but in this his fatherly relationship we must think of him as uttering a warning and not a curse. What Prospero sets forth as a truth in the case of Miranda and Ferdinand might not have been a truth in the case of Shakspeare and his wife; unhappiness may not be the universally inevitable result of the supposed circumstances: and there our proof seems to fall short.

"On the other hand, 'The Tempest' was written just as Shakspeare was turning his back on the great London world; and one

cannot but notice in the play a deep, tender subjectivity which marks the culmination of his genius. Shakspeare, like Prospero, bids farewell to his art:—

'But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.'

"Perhaps at this time Shakspeare's own daughter and her young husband were much in his mind. What then more natural than that he should revert to the early days when he and his young child were adrift on a sea of troubles? What more natural again than that at this period he should consider, not bitterly but with the sweet eye of wisdom, what he had missed in life? All fall short of the ideal. What was it that this world-genius fell short in? Did it occur to Shakspeare that, measured by a moral ideal, his doing, to speak crudely, had fallen short of his thinking, and that the circumstances of his marriage had set a limitation to his achievement?

"The evidence to be deduced from 'The Tempest' seems sufficient to tip the balance, already hanging so doubtful in reference to this matter, and we venture to state with some confidence that Shakspeare's marriage was unhappy."

This is not the first time that the passage in "The Tempest" has been supposed to have an autobiographical reference; but, even if we admit that it has such a reference, it does not follow that Shakespeare's married life was unhappy. Had it been perfectly happy, he might nevertheless have regretted the youthful indiscretion that made the hurried marriage, "with once calling of the bans," advisable, and when writing this play towards the close of his life he might have thought it well to caution the young against similar indiscretion. If we regard the Sonnets as more or less autobiographical, we must believe that the poet's affections had wandered for awhile from the wife of his youth; but that they returned to her in his latter years seems to me clearly proved by the fact that as soon as he began to be prosperous in London he bought the dilapidated New Place at Stratford, and, as fast as his means allowed, repaired the house, enlarged and improved the grounds, and gradually made it the elegant and delightful home which must have been his ideal from the first. During all this time, did he look forward to sharing that home with a wife whom he did not love? I cannot believe, cannot conceive it. Much more might be said on the subject, and I may recur to it at some future time.

Historical Bindings at the Grolier Club

A REMARKABLE COLLECTION of historical bindings is on exhibition this month at the Grolier Club. Beginning with a baker's dozen of bindings executed for Jean Grolier, the Club's patron saint, in the dignified geometrical style favored by him, it contains, also, six of the bindings made for the mysterious Maioli, of whom nothing is known apart from the fact that he loved good books, and probably communicated his taste to Grolier, when the latter was in Italy in the service of Francis I. The style, which showed itself, also, in architectural and other ornament, was, to all appearance, derived, both the geometrical compartments and the floral arabesques that enrich them, from Mahometan art. A Venetian manuscript, "Regolamenta della Repubblica Veneta per in Provveditori della Isole Cefalonia e Zante," of a little later date (1582), has a binding which was evidently copied from some Arab specimen, being decorated with sunken panels in gold and raised borders in red morocco, both covered with beautiful arabesques of flowers and leaves in colors. The raised borders of these imitations gave way to conventional strap-work, and were merely outlined in gold, or painted in mastic, or occasionally inlaid in leather of various colors. The arabesques and *fleurons* were likewise impressed in gold, and thus the so-called "Grolier style" was originated. All the Maioli books and most of the Groliers are in calf, remarkably well preserved. In the former the *fleurons* are full gilt, in the latter "azured," that is, lined across, the earlier style having appeared too heavy. Next to the Maioli bindings is shown a Book of Hours with the crowned F and salamander of Francis I. on the back, but with the mark of the printer, binder and designer, Geoffrey Tory, on the sides. Tory had two stamps for his bindings, in both of which appears his emblem, a broken flower-pot surrounded by a rich and elegant arabesque. The smaller of these is often bordered by an elaborate

band of Persian or Arab design. That shown was the larger and rarer, and nearly filled the side of the book. Throughout the century variations on these motives ruled; and handsomely bound books were decorated, either with interlaced strap-work and open arabesques, or with richer arabesques disposed in borders about central panels. The most beautiful example of the former style is a folio in citron morocco with freely drawn strap-work and emblems in black, binding a work on anatomy printed by Simon de Colines in 1546. Judging from the emblems introduced, quiver and arrows, crescents and the interlaced initials H and D, those of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers, this book must have belonged to the latter.

An Aldine Theophrastus bears the same emblems tooled in gold and silver on a ground of brown morocco. The initials of Henry and Catherine de' Medici appear on a Petrarch, printed in Lyons in 1558. An early example of a new style, strewn with marguerites and other flowers and branches of laurel or myrtle, is a Book of Hours, which bears the initials H and D. Another bears the arms of the poet Philippe Desportes, and is attributed to Clovis Eve, but is more likely by Nicholas Eve, of whom there is earlier mention. But the most beautiful specimens of the sort are the bindings believed to have been executed by Clovis Eve for Marguerite de Valois, and which are decorated with myrtle and palm branches filling geometrical compartments, or framing sprays of lilies, marguerites, carnations and other flowers. More interesting as a probably unique binding is a copy of Guicciardini's "Historia di Italia," which bears a full-length portrait of Henri III. in colored leathers, with the face and hands in painted vellum. One of the few bindings with the mark of the dolphin executed for Francis II. covers an example of the "Emblems" of Alciat. A rather heavily designed cover in red morocco bears in the centre an impression of a medallion with the device of the chariot of the sun, which is known to have belonged to Demetrius Canevarius, physician to Pope Urban VIII. A much more elegant use of impressions from gems or medallions is seen on an "Evangelium," which had belonged to Claude de Bullion, intendant of the French finances in 1633. A little later came in the style of Le Gascon, in which arabesques and leaf-scrolls give place to a filigree of dotted lines. A charming design attributed to him, in which this *pointille* ornamentation is combined with a mosaic of red on citron morocco covers, is a copy of Savonarola's treatise "De Simplicitate Christianæ Vitæ," Paris, 1637. Still another style, in which the compartments disappear, and a rich *dentelle* border is carried around the edges, is associated with the names of Padeloup and Derome, of each of which families there were many members. There are examples that once belonged to Mme. de Pompadour; there are books from the library of the Baron de Longepierre, who was one of the first among collectors to pay special attention to the forwarding of his bindings; and examples of the work of the somewhat mechanical Thouvenin, the "incomparable" Trautz and the unattainable Cuzin. Scores of volumes bear the arms or devices or names of historical personages; and others once belonged to de Thou, Cardinal de Mazarin and Sir Kenelm Digby. There are, also, John Evelyn's copy of "The Faerie Queene," Louis Philippe's "Rabelais," Charles the Ninth's set of Goldsmith, and Mme. du Barry's "Gulliver." Certain bindings attributed to Augustin du Seuil belong apparently to a much earlier date. The value of the books on exhibition is probably but little less than \$75,000.

"Trilbyana"

THE SCENES AND SONGS from "Trilby," given at Sherry's last Saturday for the benefit of the New York Kindergarten Association, proved to be an unqualified success. The audience was a large one, which was excellent for the little ones who were to be benefited; and it was enthusiastic, which was only a just and fit tribute to managers, performers and singers. Every detail of the tableaux had been thought out with infinite care, and posing, grouping and make-up alike were as near perfection as even Du Maurier himself could have wished. The full program was given in last week's *Critic*, and it is only necessary to say, therefore, that it was opened most effectively with a quartet by Messrs. Devoll, Moore, Bracewell and Devoll. The first tableau, "Three Musketeers of the Brush," received the admiration it deserved, as did, also, the singing of Miss Akers and Mr. Mackenzie Gordon interspersed with the different tableaux. The first appearance of Trilby was awaited with impatient expectancy, and when she came, she proved to be "wistful and sweet," indeed, in the person of Mrs. Eric Pape, the wife of the well-known young artist.

During the intermission between the first and second parts of the program, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin sold the copy of "Trilby" presented by the Messrs. Harper, reference to which is made in The Lounger's column, this week. The last tableau of the second part, "It was Trilby," was most effectively arranged by Mr. Pape. The full cast of characters was as follows:—Trilby, Mrs. Eric Pape; Taffy, W. Harris Roome; The Laird, Evert Jansen Wendell; Little Billee, J. Gerald Benkard; Svengali, Robert Reid; Gecko, Eric Pape; Dodor, William Abbott; Zouzou, Franklin C. Butler; Mrs. Bagot, Mrs. J. Wells Champney; Miss Bagot, Miss Lilian Wing; Mme. Malbrouck, Mme. Bettini; Durien, Leslie G. Cauldwell; A Blanchisseuse, Miss Loulou Noel; A Fencer, Lieut. Gianni Bettini. Efficient aid was rendered in the preparation of the entertainment by Mr. Hamilton Bell. The affair added about \$2,500 to the Association's funds.

The Lounger

A NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL of society has been started in this city. It is called *Vanity*—not a good name, and one that gives those disposed to do so every opportunity for joking. The cover is not particularly artistic as modern covers go, but it is striking and will show well on the news-stands, which is a great point in its favor. The young men who have put their money and talents into the paper are well known in society, and include, I believe, a prince or two. Their aim is to make a decent society paper, and at the same time to avoid dullness. There is room for such a paper, and, judging from its first number, I should say that *Vanity* is in a fair way of filling the long-felt want. Its social news will, of course, be by the card. Music, art, the drama and literature will be discussed as well as society, and there will be essays on various subjects. Paul Bourget was to have had a paper in the first number, but it was sent by the ill-fated Gascogne, and consequently the number had to go to press without it. Society should encourage *Vanity*, for its aim is to represent, and not to misrepresent, the fashionable world.

THE PRICES BROUGHT at the sale of the Foote collection cannot be taken as the standard prices for all the books named in the catalogue. There are many things to be considered. In Mr. Foote's collection the editions offered were in the best condition, "uncut," "tall copies," and in many instances had valuable autograph signatures or letters inserted. It was these special features that added fifty per cent. to the value of the collection. These are important points for the book-buyer and the bookseller to remember.

THE NEW YORK *Herald* offers a prize of \$10,000 for the best serial story of between 50,000 and 75,000 words; a prize of \$3,000 for the best novelette of between 15,000 and 25,000 words; \$2,000 for the best short story of between 6,000 and 10,000 words; and \$1,000 for the best epic poem based on some event of American history since the Revolution. The competitors must be Americans, and all manuscripts must be sent in anonymously. There are some people who will be base enough to think that the *Herald* has made these munificent offers for advertising purposes exclusively, but I am not of these. I believe that the editor has used this means to unearth the great American novelist, and to disprove the oft-repeated statement that all the best fiction of the day comes from abroad.

MR. BENNETT'S offer is likely to stimulate the literary activity of this country between now and September next as it has never been stimulated before. There is nothing to debar any American author from entering the contest, the professional and the amateur being placed upon a footing of equality. I cannot help sighing when I think of the thousands of disappointments that will result from this contest. The Beekman Street paper-dealer, who calculates that at least "four tons of writing-paper of superior quality will be consumed by the competitors and two tons of Irish linen paper for type-written copies," looks at the practical side of the question: he is thinking of the waste of paper. I am thinking of the waste of energy, of the brains that will be tortured and the hearts that will be broken. Three novels competing for the \$10,000 prize will be chosen by a committee, then these three will be published serially in the *Herald*, and to the one that gets the most votes from the readers of that paper will be awarded the \$10,000. The ballots are to be coupons cut from the *Herald's* columns. Here is a good chance for an enterprising competitor to drum up

votes, and every vote, you see, means the sale of a *Herald*. Clever Mr. Bennett!

THE "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" which the Messrs. Harper have announced as in preparation will begin in the April number of the *Magazine*. The author's name is not disclosed, although he is "one of the most successful among American writers of fiction." For the present, at least, he is disguised as "the Sieur Louis de Conte," Joan's "Page and Secretary"; her playmate in childhood, as well as her attendant at the head of the victorious armies of France. I am going to hazard one guess in this connection, and that is that the mysterious author is Thomas A. Janvier. Is not Mr. Janvier "one of the most successful among American writers of fiction," and has he not been busy writing in France for the past eight months and more?

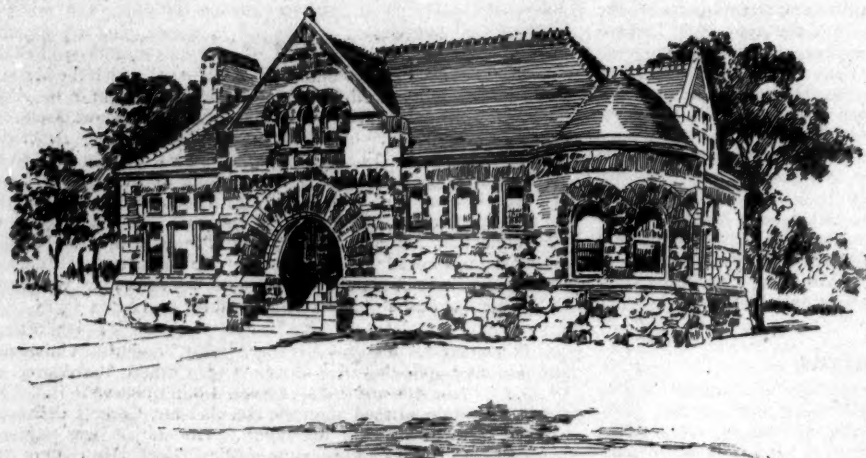
"IS IT TRUE," inquires a reader, "that Vanderbilt University has conferred upon the prize-fighter, J. J. Corbett, the degree of LL.D.?" No, it is not true—at least, I don't believe it is. The report is doubtless based upon the fact that Mr. Corbett delivered a lecture at the University last month. His subject was physical development, and his audience the medical class. He did not describe the encounter in New Orleans that entitled him to wear the champion belt formerly worn by Mr. Sullivan.

IN *The Outlook* of Feb. 2 some one replies to Mr. Robert Grant's paper in the January *Scribner's*. The writer assumes that he is "Rogers, the bookkeeper," and he resents Mr. Grant's patronizing tone in writing of him and his limited income. Mr. Grant describes the home:—"A family sitting-room, with the cat on the hearth, a canary twittering in a cage and scattering seed in one corner, a sewing-machine in the other, and surrounded by all the comforts of home, consisting prominently of a peachblow vase, a Japanese sun-umbrella, and engravings of George Washington and Horace Greeley." "What is there," he says, "moral in the simplicity of his frayed and somewhat ugly establishment except the spirit of contentment and the gentle feelings which sanctify it?"

"ROGERS" pleads guilty to the cat on the hearth, the seed-scattering canary and the sewing-machine, but he emphatically denies the engravings of George Washington and Horace Greeley, and scorns the insinuation that a man with only \$2,200 a year cannot have good taste. Mr. Grant certainly did not expect that anyone would take his insinuation seriously. It is so well-known a fact that taste is not a question of money, that so clever a man as he would be the last one to dispute it. I know men who, with only \$50 to furnish a room, would show more taste than most men with \$50,000 to spend in decorations. I have seen rooms that it cost the latter amount to furnish, in which (excuse the bull) I should die if I had to live in them. On the other hand, I have seen rooms that had been furnished at a cost not much exceeding the smaller amount named, which showed every evidence of a cultivated taste. In these days of photographs from the old masters, and of plaster casts from the antique that are sold for a few pennies, poverty is no excuse for bad taste. One of the prettiest suits of rooms I ever saw was in the upper part of an old house in Newark, N.J., where a young married couple had just gone to housekeeping. Seldom have young people started on the voyage of life with less money, and, I may add, with more taste. No one ever visited their rooms without being delighted—they were the envy of rich and poor alike.

IF WE TAKE Mr. Grant's essays seriously, we do him an injustice. They were written to entertain and amuse, and therein they have succeeded. There is a *souffçon* of truth in some of his statements, just as there is in the "As Seen By Him" column in *Vague*, but he does not expect us to believe that he doubts the poor man's taste any more than "Him" believes that a man's wardrobe is not complete unless it contains forty pairs of boots.

AT THE "TRILBY" TABLEAUX given at Sherry's for the benefit of the New York Kindergarten Association, last Saturday evening, a copy of Du Maurier's popular story bound in levant was put up at auction. The book had been presented by Messrs. Harper & Bros., and contained the autographs of the author and of Mr. Henry James, who, it is said, encouraged him to write; it contained also "Ben Bolt," in Dr. English's own handwriting. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin was the auctioneer, and, after some amusing "booming," she knocked it down to a lady for \$100.



A Humane Society Publication

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Two of the finest strokes in all Mrs. Annie Trumbull Slosson's writings are in the tiny tale of "Anna Malann," reprinted from *Harper's Bazar* by the Connecticut Humane Society, Hartford. They are the misunderstanding at the beginning in regard to a dying dog, and an unusual application of the saying "Without are dogs" in the book of Revelation. Anna Malann (or more correctly, Animal Ann) had an imagination that was in danger of running away with her; yet the old lady's extravagant theories—her determination to get French that she might speak it to the forlorn poodle of a defunct dancing-master, and the joy of the poodle, are borne out by the facts; if not in one corner of the world, then in another; for who dares question the death of the parrot in the well-known poem, from hearing in exile a few words of Spanish speech; or the statement of Christopher North that his dog, John Fro, understood all common Scotch words in domestic use? Even the old woman's belief that animals adhere to "the particular sect to which their masters belong," recalls the well-authenticated instance of the dog who could not be induced to eat meat on Friday. But the charm of Mrs. Slosson's work lies in her not looking to Scotland or Spain for her material, nor even in all cases to farm-life in New England, but to her own immediate and personal experience. Not only is she a practical entomologist, who has felt the thrill of discovery and of naming a pretty gray out-of-door moth, but my impressions of her are inseparable from the whirr of wings and patter of paws—from the bulfinch that made a bright spot on her carpet, and the crow who persisted in following her from room to room and treading on her gown, to the fat worm who accompanied her on long railway journeys, and finally converted himself into the chrysalis that produced Jacob in the story of "Aunt Randy."

There is a certain kind of easy writing that is heavenly reading, and the natural and limpid language of this singularly spontaneous writer can no more be forced than the fringed gentian can be cultivated. When it is time for a story to open, it opens like a flower in the autumn sunshine—without calculation, without reconstruction, almost without interpolation. This is done inside of a few hours, yet it is only once or twice in a twelvemonth that a story gets itself written, no matter how long and loudly it may ask to be let out.

"Anna Malann" will be welcomed by everyone in whose experience "Fishin' Jimmy" was a milestone and "Aunt Randy" a revelation. Anna adds her mite to the general protest against coupling two words so incongruous as *dumb* and *animal*. Dumb vegetables or dumb minerals would be less insulting to common-sense, but even that would not be perfectly true. Best of all, no boy or girl can lay down the book without a quickened feeling of sympathy for the hundreds of dumb—I mean eloquent—neglected creatures, who, like Jinny the cat, are "just achin' to be made much of an' cuddled"—who show it in their joyless faces. No doubt it is with a view to interesting the boys and girls that to teachers the price of the book has been fixed at eight cents a copy, while to the public it is twenty.

BALTIMORE, 5 Jan., 1895.

LUCY C. BULL.

The Taylor Library at Milford

THE NEW LIBRARY at Milford, Conn., the gift of Mr. Henry Augustus Taylor, was dedicated on the afternoon of Feb. 2. The building is of granite, in Colonial style, and stands in Broad Street, on ground given by the town, which has pledged itself, also, to contribute a certain sum annually for the maintenance of the institution for fifty years. There is, of course, a large and commodious reading-room, but the library proper deserves a moment's attention. It is divided into seven large alcoves, which have nearly all been taken in charge by representative Milford families, each family furnishing its special alcove with choice books. These alcoves naturally group

themselves around the "Colonial Alcove," founded by the late Nathan Gillette Pond—a memorial to the early settlers of the town, furnished with gift books by their descendants. The rest of the space at the architect's disposal has been used for a reference-room, where are kept, also, the books that cannot be taken from the library. The picture of the library presented herewith is from the *Tribune*.

Charles Gayarre

CHARLES ÉTIENNE ARTHUR GAYARRÉ, the historian of Louisiana, died in New Orleans on Feb. 11, in the ninety-first year of his age. He was born in the capital of his native State on Jan. 9, 1805, and showed even in early youth his scholarly tendencies, his pamphlet opposing the abolition of the death penalty, proposed by Edward Livingston, appearing in 1825. He began to study law in Philadelphia in the following year, and was admitted to the bar in 1829. Returning to New Orleans, he was elected to the State Legislature in 1830, and chosen to write the congratulatory address to the French Chamber on the revolution



CHARLES E. A. GAYARRE.

of that year. In 1831 he was appointed deputy Attorney-General, and in 1833 presiding Judge of the City Court of New Orleans. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1835, but resigned his seat on account of ill-health, and spent the following eight years in European travel, collecting material from the French and Spanish archives. On his return he was again elected to the State Legislature (1844-6), served for seven years as Secretary of State, and was an ardent advocate of the South during the Civil War. He was for some time Reporter of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and was occasionally active in the lecture field. His principal work is the "History of Louisiana," in French (1847), which was followed in 1866 by the completed history down to 1861. He wrote several pamphlets on the same subject, and his other works

include "An Historical Essay on Louisiana" (circa 1829), "Louisiana: Its History as a French Colony" (1851), "English History of Louisiana" (1858), "Philip II. of Spain" (1866), "Fernando de Lemos," a novel (1872), "Aubert Dubayet; or, the Two Sister Republics" (1882), several plays, lectures and addresses. The accompanying portrait is from the *Tribune*.

The Fine Arts

New Works by Macmonnies

THREE OF Mr. Macmonnies's statuettes may now be seen at Starr's jewelry-store in Fifth Avenue, among them being a reduction of his "Bacchante," after the statue purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg. The first announcement of this new honor for the American sculptor was published in *The Critic* of Dec. 15, in a communication from M. Bion of Paris. The others are a "Diana," not unlike that of the Madison Square Tower as to pose and proportions, and a "Boy with Heron," a very skilful bit of modelling, which recently won the first prize (\$500) at the fifty-first exhibition of the Boston Art Club. A reduction of the Hale statue has been on exhibition, but is now in Boston. The "Bacchante" is Mr. Macmonnies's latest work in this way, and by far his best. No sculptor has succeeded better in representing lively motion. We have not seen the life-size original, a replica of which is to be placed near the Boston Public Library, but, judging from the statuette, we should say that it would easily stand comparison with Frémiet's "Bear Dancer." It is not merely the pose, though finely chosen, that produces the



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BACCHANTE

effect, but the appearance of animated motion is carried through every part of the body. It is, of course, more difficult to hit the exact mean between anatomical fact and the effect on the eye in dealing with a female figure than with a male. The nymph is dancing forward, holding on her left arm the infant Bacchus, who extends his hands towards the bunch of grapes that she holds aloft

in her right. But this ancient motive is treated in a thoroughly modern spirit, without much reference to any rules derived from the antique. It is a fresh and original conception, carried out in the



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BOY WITH HERON

most masterly manner. The casting is perfect and the color of the bronze admirable. The sculptor is at present at work on a statue of Shakespeare for the Congressional Library, of which there will, doubtless, in due time be a reduction to add to this charming group of statuettes. He has, also, made some miniatures for the Indian monument to be erected in Indianapolis, and, in addition, has in hand a Glory, which will form part, also, of a monument to be erected in this country.

The Woman's Art Club Exhibition

THE EXHIBITION of the Woman's Art Club at the Klackner gallery is even better than that of last year, which was a surprise to many. The show is about equally divided between works in water-colors and in oils, with a good sprinkling of pastels. Among the oils will be noted a "Jeune Femme Assise," a quaint but sketchily painted arrangement in greys and ochres, by Mme. Manet (Berthe Morisot), and a portrait of a young woman, "Dans la Loge," by Miss Mary Cassatt. Miss W. Walker's "A Study," of a nude model, half-length, shows plenty of artistic feeling, which will doubtless show all the plainer after some years of hard study. "A Lady Seated," by C. C. Haynes, may be put in the same category: the interesting features and the harmony of cool white and blue-green are felt, rather than seen and accented.

There is always, in such cases, a doubt whether the feeling will hold out while the necessary skill is being acquired; but it appears here so strong as to inspire a hope of thoroughly good work in years to come. Among the water-colors Miss Walker has a pretty study of the nude, "Asleep," which shows much of the quality of flesh remarkable in her larger work in oils, with less apparent weakness. Miss Wally Moes has two delightful bits of Dutch genre, "A Mother," asleep in her chair by the window, and "A Knitting Lesson." Other very good specimens of the Dutch school are an interior with a "Wood-Chopper and His Wife," by Miss Amy Cross, and a "Spinner," by E. Whitehead. Anita C. Ashley's "Study of a Woman" in pastel shows considerable knowledge of the medium; and Katherine Huger's "Portrait Sketch," which tantalizingly shows the back of the young lady's head only, and her "Factory at Ellenville, N. Y.," while less accomplished, promise a good deal. Emilie Slade's "Iris" is a charming half-length of a young girl with a spray of that flower in her hand against a woodland background. There are many delightful paintings of flowers, a "Portrait Bust" in plaster by Miss Grace F. Randolph, and two medallions by Miss J. N. Hammond. The exhibition as a whole shows that the members of the Club and their friends possess serious aspirations and a good share of talent.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art will soon issue a circular stating that they desire to form a representative loan-collection of "paintings illustrative of early American art, and solicit the coöperation of all persons owning or having knowledge of paintings, portraits in oil, or ivory miniatures, representing men and women of distinction in the early social, military, naval and political history of our country. An exhibition of this character embracing the time immediately preceding the Declaration of Independence, and for fifty years thereafter, would be of the greatest interest to every American citizen. Many of those most prominent in the early history of our country sat for their portraits to eminent painters. These portraits have for the most part remained as family heirlooms and are unknown to the general public." They request that the owners of such pictures lend them for this occasion, and guarantee, of course, the best of care. "A special room will be devoted to the display of these historic pictures, where they will be grouped together under the most favorable conditions." It is proposed to open the exhibition to the public on Nov. 4, and to set Oct. 15 as the last day for the receiving of paintings. The Trustees request, further, that all communications be addressed to the Curator of the Museum, Mr. George H. Story, who will give full information. The cost of boxing and transportation, be it added, will be defrayed by the Museum. It is to be hoped that the responses to this request will be prompt and many, and that the exhibition will be what it can be made. The Trustees suggest, also, that New York needs a thoroughly equipped school of architecture. It may be noted here, in conclusion, that a very large proportion of the number of persons visiting the Museum during the year just closed, did so on Sunday afternoons.

Art Notes

THE executors' sale of the 240 canvases left by the late George Inness was begun at Chickering Hall on the evening of Feb. 13, when 80 pictures were sold at \$37,755, an average of \$447 each. The highest price paid was \$2,100, for a "Sundown"; a "Summer Evening, Montclair, N. J.," fetched \$1,000, an "Old Oak, Lyndhurst, New Forest, England," \$1,675, "Afterglow," \$1,075, "The Sun's Last Reflection," \$1,100, "Sunset at Etretat, Normandy," \$1,000, and a "Rosy Morning," \$1,500. The Century Club secured "A View in Montclair" for \$170. It is not known yet whether the representatives of the Metropolitan Museum who were present secured any of the paintings. The collection was on Exhibition at the Fine Arts Building for some time. (See *The Critic* of Jan. 5.)

—The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, which has just come into possession of the Denio bequest of \$50,000 for the purchase of modern paintings, has received another legacy of the same amount for the same purpose, left by Mr. William M. Warren, who died several years ago.

—The third course, for the current season, of Columbia College lectures in coöperation with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, will be given at the Museum, Fifth Avenue and 82d Street, on four consecutive Saturday mornings, beginning to-day, at

eleven o'clock. The subject will be the history of English art with especial reference to Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney, and the lecturer, Mr. T. Humphry Ward, art-critic of the *London Times*. Mr. Ward will sub-divide his theme as follows: Feb. 16, "Art in England under the first two Georges"; Feb. 23, "Sir Joshua Reynolds"; March 2, "Thomas Gainsborough"; March 9, "George Romney." The lectures will be illustrated. No tickets of admission are required.

—The National Sculpture Society has decided to make its exhibition this year an independent one, to take place immediately after that of the Society of American Artists, at the Fine Art Society's building.

—The Cleveland Art Association has awarded the following prizes at its annual exhibition. In oils: first prize, \$500, to Dwight W. Tryon; second prize, \$250, to William M. Chase; third prize, \$150, to F. W. Benson of Boston; fourth prize, \$100, to Theodore Robinson of this city. In watercolors: first prize, \$350, to Childe Hassam; second prize, \$150, to Ben Foster of this city.

—Early in March the Grolier Club will hold an exhibition of some 500 or 600 engraved portraits of women writers, from Sappho to George Eliot. The Club is making preparations for a brilliant Ladies' Day, which is but fit and decorous, considering the nature of the exhibition.

—The results of the competition for the Hahnemann Monument have been announced. The first prize (\$500) goes to Charles H. Niehaus of New York (design 20-21); the second prize (\$300) to Joseph Loeser, also of New York; and the third prize (\$200) to Herbert Adams of Brooklyn.

The Drama

Beerbohm Tree in "Captain Swift"

MR. TREE'S performance of the bush-ranging hero of Haddon Chambers's ingenious play is chiefly interesting for the additional confirmation it affords of *The Critic's* opinion of his histrionic abilities and limitations. In eccentric characterization, in mimicry, in disguise, in fertility of device and ingenious elaboration of detail, he is strong; in romantic fervor, in passionate emotion, in imagination and inspiration, he is weak. In other words, he is a much better artist than he is an actor. His reputation for versatility, justified as it is in no small degree by the variety of characters which he has undertaken, depends more upon his extraordinary gift of physical transformation than his actual identification with the assumed personage. If his performance of Mr. Wilding were as good as his "make-up," it would be a most remarkable achievement. So far as mere externals are concerned, there is little or nothing in common between his half-starved Gringoire, his burly old Demetrius, his business-like Sir Philip Marchant and his dapper young highwayman, but apart from their disguises, they have many points of similarity, notably in their inability to convey an impression of sincerity in what should be their most earnest moments. This defect is peculiarly noticeable in his Wilding, a character which in the later acts calls for the manifestation of impetuous and varied feeling. In the earlier scenes he is particularly successful in suggesting the consciousness of false pretence, the constant uneasiness existing beneath the outward air of assurance. A noteworthy instance of this is the scared and hunted look which comes over his face at the unexpected mention of the name of the Australian Gardiner. Many other such examples of extremely clever by-play, vividly illuminative without the least exaggeration, might be mentioned. But most of these happy touches are connected with the lower and least attractive side of the character.

The more romantic and virile elements which ought to be prominent in a stage-hero of this sort, such as prompt audacity, personal prowess, strong animal passion and the occasional tenderness of a nature wayward rather than depraved, are scarcely represented at all. Even in his love-making the warmth of mere flesh and blood is lacking, while in the scenes with his unhappy mother—possibly with intention, but if so, not reasonably—there is no throb of anything resembling genuine emotion. In the scene where the generous and very human Gardiner offers his hand to the disgraced adventurer, he makes the extraordinary mistake of rubbing his own hand upon his coat before accepting the proffered courtesy, an action so thoroughly theatrical and tricky that it is almost impossible to conceive of its employment by a born actor, even if the stage-directions provide for it. A momentary hesitation might be permitted, but, after that, the offered hand should

be grasped with choking gratitude. Still, in spite of these obvious shortcomings, the performance is original, able and steadily interesting, and possesses, moreover, that rare merit of consistency which implies thought and design and earnestness of artistic effort. Mrs. Tree does not appear to especial advantage in the rather colorless part of the heiress who is wooed and won so easily; but Miss Frances Ivor gives an astonishingly good performance of the unhappy wife and mother, who pays so dear a penalty for her almost forgotten error. The emotion in the part is not complex, but there are very few actresses who could give it such truthful and sympathetic expression. All the subordinate performers are efficient, and the general representation is uncommonly smooth and well proportioned.

A Yellow Indecency

THE EDITORS OF *The Yellow Book* attracted attention to that quarterly at first by the novelty of its make-up, if not by the originality of their ideas. People laughed at the thing, but they bought it; and they found some things between its covers that were worth reading. While there was much that was absurd in it,



AUBREY BEARDSLEY

there was the saving grace of apparent earnestness, and one felt that the young men who were responsible for it at least believed in their methods and had definite ideas in their heads. In subsequent numbers of the quarterly, there was a decided falling-off, and people were merely bored by the vulgar eccentricities of Mr. Beardsley's pencil and Mr. Max Beerbohm's pen. This would not do. *The Yellow Book* must be talked about—it must startle the reader, at whatever cost. The fourth volume, now at hand, will be talked about, but the price to be paid for its notoriety is a high one—the loss of the respect of decent people. There is nothing clever in the indecent poems and stories that go to the making of this number. They simply pander to a depraved taste. We sometimes tolerate indecency when it is clothed with art, but the indecencies of *The Yellow Book* are not clothed at all. The illustrations are of varying merit. There is a very good head of John Davidson by Will Rothenstein, and a portrait of George Moore by Walter Sickert, which explains some of the peculiarities of "Esther Waters." Either Mr. Moore is the most extraordinary-looking man that ever lived, or this portrait does him rank injustice. It is simply terrifying—a plum-pudding eaten at bedtime could not conjure up worse dreams than a sight of this picture. If Mr. Moore were as sensitive as Mr. Whistler, he would bring action against *The Yellow Book* for libellous misrepresentation. Never having seen him, we do not know how he looks, but we are quite willing to affirm that no human being ever looked like this picture.

The portrait of Mr. Beardsley which we reproduce is from a

photograph, and is known among his friends as "The Gargoyle." It is much more of a likeness, no doubt, than the so-called portrait by himself published in the third volume of *The Yellow Book*.

London Letter

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Mr. Andrew Lang has written a romance will be of considerable interest to a wide circle. It seems that his study of the life and times of Joan of Arc has suggested to Mr. Lang that there is much unused material here for fiction; and, in effect, he has just finished a story on the subject, to be called "The Monk of Fife." Mr. Arthur D. Innes, whose energetic editorship of *The Monthly Packet* has done much to forward the fortunes of that periodical, has secured the serial rights in the romance, which is to begin its course very shortly.

Mr. Gosse's amusing letter to the current *Athenæum*, on the subject of book-plate collecting, casts a searching side-light on the annual meeting of the Ex-Libris Society, which took place at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Wednesday. Mr. Gosse says that scarcely a week passes but he receives, from some English or American enthusiast, application for the gift of his book-plate, and he now puts the question by with a smile, reminding his correspondents, with good show of reason, that the book-plate is a personal possession with which outsiders can have positively no concern. The number of persons interested in the collection of other people's book-plates seems, however, on the increase, for the Secretary of the Society, in his annual report, noted an increase of fifty in the membership of the present year, there being now no fewer than 430 names upon the books of the Club, of whom a hundred reside in the United States. For the rest, there seem to have been various interesting items in the exhibition. A collection of plates by Albert Dürer was supplied by Mr. G. I. Ellis and Mr. C. W. Sherborn; the Ulster King-at-Arms sent a number of Polish book-plates of the eighteenth century; and Mr. H. W. Fincham a series of American plates. There were, also, a number of books upon the subject, including John Guillim's "Display of Heraldry" from the Bateman heirlooms. Enthusiasts upon the subject declare the exhibition to have been the most complete of its kind ever attempted in this country.

The new magazine which Mr. Hall Caine's brother is to edit is rapidly approaching completion. It appears, as I have said in a former letter, that it will partake strongly of the nature of *The Strand*, alike in form and in the character of its contents. It will, however, cost but half the price—three-pence. There will be illustrated interviews, portraits of celebrities, short stories and the like, and Mr. Caine will probably add to these features occasional excursions into the more serious fields of literature. But the main aim is popularity. It is curious, by the way, to note that every recent attempt towards periodical literature has followed, more or less, in the steps of Sir George Newnes. Yet the circulation of *The Strand* is unaffected; indeed, it increases from month to month. Speaking of Sir George Newnes, one is reminded of the Exhibition of the Book and News Trade, which that gentleman successfully opened on Tuesday at St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster. The show was organized in the interests of the News-agents, Booksellers and Stationers' Benevolent Fund, and most of the leading newspapers were represented. The publishers were not conspicuously to the fore, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Messrs. Cassell and Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. being the only ones to make any considerable figure. The exhibition, however, was distinctly interesting, and many people were crowded about the new linotype machine, which was to be seen in full work at one end of the room. In his opening speech Sir George Newnes spoke kindly of his own *Tit-Bits*, and maintained that by its means much useful knowledge was diffused among the people at large.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll is always discovering fresh talent—a matter, by the by, upon which I note some interesting comments by The Lounger in a recent number of *The Critic*. I am told that his latest novelty is a Welsh writer of short stories, one Mr. Parry Owen, whose tales have been attracting some attention in the pages of *The British Weekly*. It is possible, then, that when the vogue of the Scotch story passes away, we shall have, in turn, a Cymric revival. Doubtless, we shall hear more of Mr. Parry Owen in the near future.

Yet another series—this time from Messrs. Cassell & Co. of La Belle Sauvage. This one, which is to be handy like the Pseudonym, will be edited by Mr. Max Pemberton, and promises, at any rate, to begin well, for the initial volume, "A King's Diary," is to be by Mr. Percy White, whose extremely clever

novel, "Mr. Bailey-Martin," had a great success in England a year or so ago. At the time of its appearance I told, I think, all there was to tell of its author, who continues to conduct *Public Opinion*, the exigencies of which prevent him from giving as much time to creative work as his many readers would heartily desire. Among other works of fiction to be expected shortly is a romance by Sir Herbert Maxwell, entitled "A Duke of Britain," and a volume of short stories, "Two in the Bush," by Mr. Frankfort Moore. Mr. Heinemann, too, is announcing "A Street in Suburbia," by a new writer, Mr. Edwin W. Pugh, which those who have read the manuscript consider to be a work of somewhat unusual promise. Mr. Pugh has never, I believe, published any book before. His stories are said to deal almost exclusively with lower-middle-class life in London—which sounds rather ominous. This sort of thing usually points to literary ugliness, a phase distinctly overdone at the moment.

An unusually interesting manuscript will be offered for sale at Sotheby's in the course of the next few weeks, in the shape of the original draft of Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne." This has been in the hands of the White family ever since its author's death, and it is said that the manuscript contains a considerable amount of material which has never been published.

At the theatres there is to be much rearrangement during the next few days. "Guy Domville" has reached its last few nights, and Mr. James's play is to be replaced by a new comedy from the pen of Mr. Oscar Wilde, which deals with the beauties of earnestness. At the Comedy, Miss Winifred Emery's dangerous illness has taken the life out of "The New Woman," and a play by an entirely new writer will succeed it next week. At the Garrick, "A Pair of Spectacles" has been revived merely as a stop-gap. A new comedy by Mr. Pinero is in rehearsal, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell will have a part which, she has herself declared, pleases her more than any she has hitherto assumed. About the same time Miss May Yohé will appear at the Avenue in a new "Dick Whittington," without a cat—surely a grievous omission! The annual dinner of the Playgoers' Club was held last Sunday evening at the Criterion Theatre, and was attended with much geniality. Mr. George Alexander was the guest of the evening, and responded to the toast of the Drama. In the course of his remarks he said that it was a subject of modest pride with him that he had given the first trial to more than one actor and actress who had subsequently achieved immense success, and had produced at least one play that will always live in the history of the drama. Mr. Comyns Carr answered for the visitors, making graceful allusion to Tennyson, and to the influence of the "Idylls of the King" upon the latest Lyceum success. Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. Ben Davies sang, and the Hungarian band played.

The anniversary of the death of Charles I. was, as usual, made the occasion for a small demonstration by the enthusiasts of the Order of the White Rose. At St. Margaret Pattens, one of the old city churches, there was an evensong service on Jan. 29, a side-altar being adorned with a portrait of the "Martyr King." After this, the congregation wended its way to Charing Cross, and hurriedly placed wreaths on the statue of Charles that looks towards Whitehall. The police watched from afar, and nobody was greatly troubled.

LONDON, 1 Feb., 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

I FEEL SURE that the system of the Boston Public Library will be far different from what it has been in the past, and will set an example for all public libraries. Hitherto there has been great criticism on account of the red tape necessary in securing a book. What the plans of the new Librarian are, nobody knows, and the prediction I make that all this difficulty in the management will be done away with, I base entirely on my knowledge of the character of the new Librarian, Mr. Herbert Putnam. At Harvard we knew him as a quiet but energetic young man, brilliant in his studies, yet with an eye open to the practical things of the world, modest but firm. Since then, as was outlined in the brief sketch of his life in last week's *Critic*, he has shown his powers of organization and of management in the Minneapolis Library, and has developed those sagacious business principles so admirably suited for the conducting of a large institution like the Boston Public Library. His appointment was a surprise, in that every guesser had been at sea when trying to surmise the action of the Trustees. One of the new Trustees, however, Col. Benton, is an active, independent gentleman, and to his search is due the "discovery," so to speak, of this new Librarian, whom the whole Board

of Trustees so handsomely indorsed by unanimous choice. Mr. Putnam himself did not seek the position, but, as he told me some time ago, intended to take up the practice of law in New York; his recent acceptance of the new office compelled him to do a great deal of quick work in closing up legal engagements already entered into. The Minneapolis people would have been glad to have had Mr. Putnam return to them, and, indeed, when he left there they would have willingly paid him \$5000 a year to remain; but on account of the illness of his wife's mother, he gave up the excellent Western position and returned to Cambridge. President Eliot spoke in such a way to the head of the Minneapolis Trust Company as to lead the latter gentleman to think that Mr. Putnam was regarded by Harvard's chief as one of the three best librarians in the country. The President of the University of Minnesota, in a letter to Col. Benton, declared:—"He is courteous and affable. He is familiar with books. He knows how to help people who want to study a subject and do not know what books they want. He knows how to organize a library. He is pleasantly master and yet guide and helper to his assistants. He is catholic in his spirit and tastes." That is exactly the kind of a librarian that Boston has needed, and every citizen will extend a cordial welcome to the young man who now takes so great a responsibility upon himself. I may add that Mr. Putnam's wife is a sister of Kirk Munroe, the well-known writer of boys' stories.

Boston society women are planning to repeat the odd style of entertainment they inaugurated some years ago. That is to say, they are going to give a play acted by women alone and before women alone. The members of the Saturday Morning Club, a literary society, are the promoters. Their first attempt, if I remember rightly, was the production of Tennyson's "Princess" and Browning's "In a Balcony." Then, five years ago, came the "Antigone." Now they propose to give Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." The Club was founded twenty-odd years ago by Julia Ward Howe, and Mrs. Maud Howe Eliot was one of the first members. Well-known leaders of society, including the wife of the Lieut.-Governor, will take part in the coming production, under the instruction of Prof. Hayes of Harvard and Mr. Franklin Sargent of New York. The stage is to be set in the old-time style, though not as it was in Shakespeare's day, with simply a placard to indicate the change of scenery. I am told that the members of the Club decided that the placard tradition was erroneous and that scenery was used in Shakespeare's day, and therefore decided to act accordingly; but I have no authority for stating that this was absolutely their decision. Mr. J. C. Abbott, the artist, has charge of the scenery and the costuming. Mrs. Alice Kent Robertson, who aroused so much interest at the time of the New York performance by the Club, will play the part of Leontes, while Perdita will be impersonated by Mrs. Millet, and Hermione by Mrs. Berlin. The proceeds of the performances will all be devoted to charity.

The late Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, brother of Senator Hoar, left \$10,000 to Harvard College, for the education of meritorious undergraduates, the boys of his own town, Concord, being preferred. To the Concord Free Public Library he gave his painting "Criticism," by Edward E. Simmons, and "A Camp in the Adirondacks," by W. J. Stillman. The silver cup, given to him in 1865 by Ralph Waldo Emerson, he bequeathed to his son, Charles Emerson Hoar, and he gave the cabinet table used in the White House at Washington from Madison to Grant, and bought by the Judge from the United States Government, to his sons, Samuel and Sherman. The diary of John Quincy Adams was left to his son-in-law, Samuel Bowles.

Tufts College has received the handsome sum of \$70,000 by the will of the late Cornelia M. Jackson of Providence, the money to be applied to the erection of a building to be designated "The Cornelia M. Jackson College for Women," and to provide for the instruction of women in the theory of our government and the duties of citizenship. Mrs. Jackson's money came from her husband, the late Sylvester R. Jackson, who acquired his wealth by manufacturing soap and by shrewdly investing his earnings. The husband and wife were strong Universalists and personal friends of Dr. Capen, President of Tufts.

Prof. C. C. Langdell will be honored with a celebration of his twenty-fifth anniversary as Dean of the Harvard Law School, and it is expected that the exercises, to take place during Commencement Week, will be the most notable in the history of the School, as the Dean is widely known among the lawyers of the country in whose education he has assisted.—A novel idea that will interest teachers has been advanced by Mrs. E. J. C. Thorpe. In an address before the Ladies' Physiological Institute, a few days ago,

she advocated the exclusion of stammering children from the primary schools, on the ground that a great number of children are so constituted that they become stammerers by imitating others.

BOSTON, 19 Feb., 1895. CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

IN THE RESIGNATION of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer from the position of Dean of Women, the University of Chicago has suffered a loss which it cannot easily repair. Mrs. Palmer has more than fulfilled her bond, as she accepted the responsibility with the intention of serving only one year, and she will have given the required three months of her time for three years before her resignation takes effect. She resigns now with the intention of accompanying Prof. Palmer abroad for a year of rest from university work. The short period of her service has been of great value to the University in giving to the women's department its strong initiative toward gentleness of life as well as culture strictly intellectual. Miss Talbot, as Assistant Dean, and the ladies in charge of the three women's halls, have ably seconded her efforts, and the experience they have acquired under her brilliant leadership will enable them to carry on the good work. Yet the loss of her three visits a year will be felt severely in more ways than one can enumerate. Coming from another atmosphere, she has brought her fine tact and experienced judgment to the service of the University in many inevitable difficulties, and the most intricate of them have usually yielded to her irresistible personality. In the city, as well, her power has been manifested, and her absence will be felt as a public loss.

In the University of Chicago the principle of co-education has been more fairly tested than elsewhere, and thus far with the happiest results; in other colleges, the women's department has usually been assumed as an afterthought with all the precedents against it. Here, from the beginning, no distinction of sex has been drawn. Men and women work upon terms of absolute equality, and the women have held their own so well that the men have lost any sense of intellectual superiority with which previous training and prejudice may have imbued them. Many members of the Faculty have been converted to the idea of co-education by their experience here. They say that in practice it seems perfectly natural, that in the class-room the students, whether men or women, stand on their merits as students, as simply as though the world had not been preaching and threatening against such a relation for centuries. One of the professors remarked, the other day, that the only safe thing was a ball-and-chain system of education to hold the women back. "Hold their own!" he exclaimed; "I should think they did; they are crowding the men out of elbow-room." By its impartial laws and precedents, and by the gracious refinement of the life at its women's halls, the University has attracted a remarkably high class of women. One has only to go among them to feel very optimistic about the New Woman. If these are fair examples, she will be as gentle, modest and well-bred as any lady of the olden time, and with an added power of thought and work, which will greatly increase her usefulness without diminishing her charm. It is no small triumph that in less than three years the University of Chicago should have established a reputation in this country and Europe as the place, pre-eminently, where young women may find a fine ideal of life united with the intellectual zest and thrill of an institution of learning of the first class. This has been accomplished by the gift, by wealthy women of this city, of the simple and beautiful women's halls, of which a fourth is in process of erection, and by the efforts of the Faculty to group the female students in these halls, instead of scattering them in boarding-houses. Some of the Faculty, indeed, go so far as to wish to refuse all women who cannot be accommodated either in the halls or their own homes, believing that the University should assume the responsibility of guardianship for its young women more strictly than for its young men.

It is amusing to see the remote world awakening at last to the glory of the Columbian Exposition. This time it is Mr. Max Müller who discovers the Parliament of Religions—he whom no amount of invitations or inducements could persuade to attend it. Now he is full of regret for his absence, declaring the Parliament "unique, unprecedented in the whole history of the world," and predicting, perhaps rashly, that "it will bear fruit when everything else of the mighty Columbian Exposition has long been swept away from the memory of man." It was a great idea, and great was the fulfillment thereof. When the gavel fell upon the most picturesque of possible assemblies—upon Oriental splendor and Occidental dignity, upon an-

cient and modern faith in peaceful council—and the President announced the opening of the world's first Parliament of Religions, the meanest heart among us must have felt the grandeur of the phrase. And the bowing of all heads under the universal prayer to the universal God—perhaps it was the declaration of a new era of closer brotherhood. One of the most eloquent of the Orientals whom this Parliament introduced to us, the Madras Brahmin Swami Vivekananda, has put forth in England one of his addresses, in the form of a penny pamphlet. This has penetrated to the office of *The Spectator*, whose editor receives it "with some surprise as well as much interest," and gives it a three-column review. He deplores Asiatic reticence to explain its creeds, and declares this pamphlet the first indication of a change. The Swami, according to this reviewer, "understands at least part of what is wanted of him, and succeeds in telling any Englishman who will read him patiently what the essential thought of Hindooism is." But if this Englishman had attended the Parliament, he would have found little trace of Asiatic reticence; on the contrary, a frank readiness to explain in itself in response to the first invitation ever extended from the Occidental races. And if these unique explanations are interesting in cold print, what adjectives would the English student have applied to them, if he had heard them presented by men with whom oratory is an instinct, inherited from generations of fervid ancestors, and trained to fine accomplishment even in the alien English tongue? The published history of the Parliament may carry conviction and interest to the world beyond our gates. But only those who were present can appreciate the color and picturesqueness of it, the splendor and stateliness of that assemblage of all races in quest of the universal truth.

I have read with much interest the remarks of your correspondents in regard to my criticism of the new memoir of Poe. Unquestionably the article was written in a hot mood, and it is fitting that Prof. Woodberry should have such able advocates. There are always two points of view from which a life may be studied—that of rectitude and that of sympathy. Judged from the first, which of us should 'scape whipping? From the second, which of us is too mean for comprehension, for a share, even, of honor and love? Personally, I feel that anyone who is incapable of understanding human frailty quite mistakes his vocation in writing biographies. And I think it is irrational to say that any man "is to be admired in his works, not in his life," to set off the "merits" of the former against the "demerits" of the latter. If a man's work is fine, somehow, somewhere, in spite of all apparent contradictions, that fineness exists in his character, his life. And it is the special business of his biographer to find it.

CHICAGO, 12 Feb., 1895.

HARRIET MONROE.

Notes

IN THE PREFACE to his Life of Samuel J. Tilden, which the Messrs. Harper have in press for early publication, Mr. John Bigelow relates the circumstances which led him to undertake the work. His acquaintance with Mr. Tilden began when they were both students of law, and it "rapidly matured into a friendship which never knew any interruption." Though for a time they differed on political questions, they came together again at the close of the Civil War, and thenceforth their interests were in common. Besides giving Mr. Bigelow (who is one of his executors and trustees) access to all his public papers, Mr. Tilden, says the former, "subsequently gave me access to his private correspondence, portions of which he caused to be copied and printed, partly for my convenience, in case I should survive him and feel disposed to give to the world in greater detail the story of his life." Mr. Tilden always kept copies of everything he wrote, whether of a public or private nature, and this habit has enabled Mr. Bigelow to throw much light upon his early life, of which comparatively little is generally known. The volumes will contain a genealogical record of the Tilden family, running back to the sixteenth century; this was the last effort of Mr. Tilden's pen.

—Another important book in the press of Harper & Bros. is "The American Congress," by Joseph West Moore. In this the great American statesmen, as well as the measures advocated by them, are portrayed, and the causes and consequences of federal legislation treated. It tells of all the notable legislative and political transactions in the growth and development of the Republic up to the present time.

—"Among the Northern Hills" is the title of an outdoor book by W. C. Prime, who, it is well-known, loves the gentle sport of fishing as much as he does the gentle art of collecting old china.

—The third part of the Foote collection will be sold by Bangs & Co. on Feb. 20. It consists principally of first editions of modern English and American authors, with a few rare works of an earlier period, among them first editions of Braithwaite's rare "Barnaby Rudge," Fielding's "Amelia," Donne's "Poems," various essays by Pope, and Keats's "Endymion"—a clean, tall, uncut copy. Of later authors we find almost complete sets of first editions of Lewis T. Carroll (including "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," with autograph), Andrew Lang ("Rhymes à la Mode" and "Ballades in Blue China" with autographs), Henry D. Thoreau and Robert Louis Stevenson—the latter including a copy of the very rare Sydney edition of "Father Damien." Other writers of whose works there are here first editions, with and without autographs, are H. C. Bunner, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Augustine Birrell, Michael Field, Norman Gale, W. E. Henley, Katharine Tynan, Richard Le Gallienne, Lowell, George Meredith, William Morris, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Frank R. Stockton, Swinburne, William Watson, Kate Douglas Wiggin and Oscar Wilde. There are, also, some more Kelmscott Press publications, and a complete set of the Dunlap Society publications (1887-91).

—The March *North American Review* will contain an answer by Max O'Rell to Mark Twain's recent article on Paul Bourget's "Outre-Mer."

—D. Appleton & Co.'s announcements include Vol. IV. of John Bach McMaster's "History of the People of the United States," "Degeneracy," by Prof. Max Nordau, "Evolution and Effort," by Edmond Kelly, "Majesty," from the Dutch of Louis Couperus, and "Kitty's Engagement," by Florence Warden. They have in preparation for their Library of Useful Stories "The Story of Primitive Man," by Edward Clodd, and "The Story of the Solar System," by G. F. Chambers, F. R. A. S.

—A novel by Herman Sudermann, "The Wish," is soon to be published by the Messrs. Appleton. Sudermann holds a high position among modern German story-writers as well as dramatists, but is not very well known in this country, although one of his books, "Dame Care," was published in Harper's popular Odd Number series. A biographical and critical introduction by Elizabeth Lee will accompany "The Wish."

—Longmans, Green & Co. announce "The Foundations of Belief: Being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology," by the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P.; Vol. I. of Samuel Rawson Gardiner's "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate"; "A Modern Priestess of Isis" (Mme. Blavatsky), from the Russian, by Walter Leaf; "Rhodesia of To-Day," by E. F. Knight, a work about Matabeleland and Mashonaland; "Ballads of the Marathas," rendered into English verse by Harry Arbuthnot Acworth; "Odd Bits of History," by Henry W. Wolff, and "In the Veldt," by Harley.

—J. K. Hoyt, the compiler, with Anna L. Ward, of a "Cyclopædia of Familiar Quotations," died on Feb. 9.

—The sixth and final volume of Prof. Skeat's Oxford Edition of Chaucer has just been published. Prof. Skeat is preparing a Supplementary Volume, containing the "Testament of Love" (in prose), and the chief poems which have at various times been attributed to Chaucer and published with his genuine works in old editions. The volume will be complete in itself, with an introduction, notes, and glossary, and will be uniform with the Oxford Edition.

—Macmillan & Co. announce in their series of Illustrated Standard Novels "Japhet in Search of a Father," by Capt. Marryat, illustrated by Henry M. Brock, with an introduction by David Hannay; and "Tom Cringle's Log," by Michael Scott, illustrated by J. Ayton Symington, with an introduction by Mowbray Morris. Among the novels to be afterwards published in this new monthly series are Miss Austen's "Sense and Sensibility," illustrated by Hugh Thomson, with an introduction by Austin Dobson; Thomas Galt's "The Annals of the Parish" and "The Ayreshire Legatees," illustrated by Charles E. Brock, with an introduction by Canon Ainger; Thomas Love Peacock's "Maid Marion" and "Crochet Castle," illustrated by F. H. Townsend, with an introduction by George Saintsbury; George Borrow's "Lavengro," illustrated by E. J. Sullivan, with an introduction by Augustine Birrell; Miss Edgeworth's "Ormond," illustrated by Carl Schloesser, with an introduction, by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie; Capt. Marryat's "Jacob Faithful," illustrated by Henry M. Brock, with an introduction by David Hannay; James Morier's "Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan," illustrated by H. R. Millar, with an introduction; and Miss Ferrier's "Marriage," illustrated by W. J. Hennessy, with an introduction. The first volume, con-

taining "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentees," by Miss Edgeworth, with illustrations by Miss Hammond and an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, has just appeared.

—A new edition, in two volumes, of Rudyard Kipling's Indian Tales, with additional matter, is in course of preparation by Macmillan & Co. It will be uniform with his other books published by this house.

—A volume of poems by H. C. Beeching, who will be remembered as the compiler of a popular anthology called "The Paradise of Poetry," is soon to be published by Macmillan & Co. Evidently these publishers do not believe in the oft-repeated statement that poetry does not pay, for they announce, also, a volume of poems by Arthur C. Benson ("Dodo" Benson's brother), and a second series (in a limited edition) of poems by Lord de Tabley.

—A new departure will soon be made by Macmillan & Co. in the field book entitled "Birdcraft," written by Mabel Osgood Wright (Mrs. James Osborne Wright), author of "The Friendship of Nature." The book will be fully illustrated with plates giving in the natural colors an accurate view of the birds described in the text. These colored prints will enable people to determine at a glance the rough classification of the birds they may see about their gardens or along the sea-shore. The text gives descriptions and biographies of two hundred species, a synopsis of the families to which they belong, and a key by which the birds may be identified, either by their color or some other visible quality. The book will be of a size convenient to carry out-of-doors.

—The Committee in charge of the George William Curtis Memorial Fund has decided to establish a revolving lectureship, the incumbent of which shall deliver lectures on civic subjects in Yale, Harvard, Columbia and perhaps in Amherst and Brown.

—Henry M. Stanley has written an autobiographical book, entitled "My Early Travels and Adventures," to be published at Easter. It will include an account of the two Indian campaigns of 1867, with new information about Gen. Custer. Mr. Stanley will stand for Parliament again at the next general election, and, if beaten, means to revisit the Dark Continent, perhaps with Mrs. Stanley.

—Mr. Howells is fond of naming his novels with a phrase from Shakespeare. In his two-part story which begins in *Scribner's* for March he returns to this habit and names it "A Circle in the Water," from the phrase "Glory is like a circle in the water," etc. The question which he asks and answers in this story is, if fame ends "by broad spreading," do not infamy and shame end likewise? In the same number a new field for magazine fiction is entered upon with the first of a group of Stories of Girls' College Life, by Abbe Carter Goodloe, a graduate of Wellesley who is acquainted, also, with college life abroad. The stories will appear during the spring and summer months, with illustrations by C. D. Gibson. A feature of this number will be some unpublished poems of nature by Thoreau, with comments by Mr. F. B. Sanborn.

—The New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution gave a concert at Chamber Music Hall on Feb. 12, the proceeds of which will be used for the endowment of a chair of American history in Barnard College. The Chapter will give, also, a course of subscription lectures at Columbia College for the same purpose. According to the statement of its Treasurer, Barnard College needs an endowment of \$300,000; and the oft-repeated, dissipating comparison between the richly-endowed colleges for women in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities, and poor, struggling Barnard College in the richest city of the country, is again made. Perhaps it will bear fruit at last.

—The associate alumnae of the Normal College gave a reception to Dr. Thomas Hunter on Feb. 14, the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding. The ceremony had a double significance, since on the same day Dr. Hunter celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance upon his duties as President of the College.

—The Authors' Club took possession of its new quarters in Carnegie Hall on Thursday night with much pomp and ceremony. Four large rooms are devoted to the uses of the Club—a library, a supper-room and two reception-rooms. The "Liber Scriptorum" has, it is said, supplied the funds which enabled the Club to fit up these handsome new quarters.

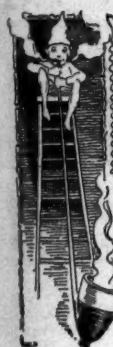
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